





True love is like the passion. It -
which flows on, never ceases
Ran down the road, and on the road,
its words forever are shed.

Annals ?



E. Mackay, del.

THE BOOK OF ENGLISH SONGS.

From the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century.



(TENTH THOUSAND.)

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PREFACE.

THE following Collection of the Popular and National Songs of England is offered to the lovers of this delightful department of literature, with the hope that it will be found to present, in a small compass, a large portion of the most celebrated effusions of this kind which the language affords. The ordinary Song-books, of which large numbers are annually, if not daily issued, at prices varying from one penny to a shilling, are for the most part valueless to those who desire to know the age in which the songs were written, the names of the Authors, the circumstances which led to their production, or any fact of interest connected with their origin or their influence. They contain neither names nor dates, make no attempt at classification, and often include effusions which are objectionable to the right-minded, and unfit to be placed in the hands of the young. The Collection now offered to the public aims to supply a deficiency in these respects; and although it has no pretensions to being complete,—for fifty volumes would scarcely exhaust a subject so extensive—it is hoped that it presents a fair view of the progress and present state of English literature in this particular branch. The songs have not been uniformly selected for their beauty or their excellence. While these claims have not been lost sight of, the popularity which they may have at any time enjoyed, or the influence, direct or indirect, which they may be supposed to have exercised upon the popular mind, have been considered legitimate passports to a place in the Collection. It is possible that many readers, with whom particular songs may have become favourites from old association, may look in vain in this volume for the lyrics that have been impressed

on their memory by accidental circumstances; but they will possibly admit, upon reflection, that these are to a great extent matters of individual taste, and that the song which is beautiful to one man, because his mother, his sister, his lover, his wife, or his friend may have sung it, may be without charms for him who has not heard it repeated under similar circumstances. It should also be remembered that he who selects, with small space at his disposal, from a vast mass of materials, must necessarily omit much, which, had he been less restricted for room, he would willingly have included.

The Editor regrets that he has not been able to obtain, from the proprietors of the copyright of the Songs of Thomas Moore, permission to include in this volume any of the beautiful compositions of that greatest of our modern Song-writers; but as every reader of taste, and every lover of music, is familiar with the writings of Mr. Moore, it is hoped that the volume will not be on that account the less acceptable to those who desire to know the past as well as the present state of Song-literature. The Editor cannot, while explaining this involuntary deficiency of the volume, omit to express his thanks to the living Writers who have so cordially given him permission to make extracts from their Works. He has also to return his acknowledgments to Messrs. Cramer and Beale, Regent-street; to Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine, of Soho-square; to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars; and to Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh, for the permission to insert the compositions of deceased Authors, of which they possess the copyright—and to Mr. William Chappell, and Dr. E. F. Rimbault, for the kind communication of many interesting facts connected with the authorship of old songs.

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SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of error and misconception exists upon the subject of Poetry in general—and of song writing in particular. Poetry itself, which M. de Lamartine asserts to be “the guardian angel of humanity in every age,” is considered by many, not otherwise unintelligent people, to be identical with verse—an idle art unworthy of an age of practical usefulness; while song writing is held to be the most frivolous department of a frivolous pursuit. Even many of a more correct and better educated taste scarcely know the difference between a song and any other short poem. The multitude who sing feel what a song is—but the smaller class who reason and refine are as yet scarcely agreed upon the meaning of the term song—unless the vague definition that it is “something which may be sung” can be considered as satisfactory. The worth of a song in the estimation of such critics as

these, is as little as can be imagined; and it has become a proverb, when a thing has been purchased at a price ridiculously low, to say that it has been bought "for a song." On the other hand, there are people who somewhat over-rate the value and importance of songs, and who repeat the phrase made popular by Fletcher of Saltoun, that the song-writer has more influence upon the minds of the people than the law-maker.

Both of these estimates are wrong. A song is neither so small nor so great a matter as is represented. The many beautiful compositions in the English language, that may strictly be called songs, and which we owe to the genius of some of our most illustrious writers, from the age of Shakspeare to our own, are sufficient proofs that the depreciation of those who deny all value to this form of poetry is unjust and unfounded, while the absence of any great number of songs, popular enough to model the life—to sway the passions—and to stir the patriotism of the English multitude, proves that, as regards our nation at least, Fletcher of Saltoun, and those who repeat his opinion, have to a considerable extent over-rated their influence. Yet who knows how much of loyalty might have remained unexcited if the music of the National Anthem had not been so magnificent, and if the air of "Rule Britannia" had not been so inspiring? The song writer—without the musician—is, in fact, but a writer of short poems—and "immortal verse" must be married to "immortal music" before it can exercise its full influence upon the minds of a people.

A song and a ballad have points of resemblance and of difference. A ballad, which at present seems to signify a song wherein a story is told, originally meant a short, or even a long poem, modulated in the recital to serve as a musical accompaniment to a dance—from *ballare*, to dance. A song, strictly, should express a sentiment only; but the distinction has been often disregarded by our best writers, and some of the most beautiful compositions of this class in the English language partake largely of the characteristics of both. But a song is a more difficult and excellent composition than a ballad. A song should be like an epigram—complete and entire—a perfect chrysolite;—brilliant on every side. It should give voice to one pervading idea, which should be illustrated naturally and elegantly. It should contain

no word that could be omitted without injury to the music or the meaning; and should avoid the jar of inharmonious consonants, which in the English language are so difficult to sing. Every stanza should be the very twin and counterpart of the other, as regards the rhythm; and the whole composition, whether sprightly, tender, patriotic, convivial, or melancholy, should be short and terse, and end with the natural climax of the sentiment. A ballad, while it should be as perfect as regards the rhythm, is allowed more license, and may extend to any length consistent with the interest of the story told in it, or the power of voice in the singer. Some writers and critics have confined the legitimate topics of song to the expression of amatory, convivial, or patriotic sentiment. This, however, is an undue limitation, for not only love and patriotism, and the less laudable feelings inspired by the Bacchanalian frenzy, but joy, hope, tenderness, gratitude, cheerfulness, melancholy, and even grief, are the proper themes of song. Their expression by musical cadences is as natural to men in all ages and climates as speech itself. All high emotion is rhythmical. Wherever there is life or hope, joy or sorrow, there are the materials of songs; and the youthful, more especially, give vent to their feelings in this natural music, as we may suppose the birds give vent to theirs, finding in the expression its own reward. The tender passion in all ages and in all languages has ever been the most prolific source of songs. The hope and fear—the joy and sorrow—the quarrels and reconciliation—the guilt and remorse—and even the hatred of lovers, have all found expression in these popular compositions; and, while there are young hearts to feel, and old ones to be interested in that passion, it is to be anticipated that songs will continue to be made and to be sung in celebration of the triumphs of love. No progress of philosophy or refinement will root from the heart that feeling which the American philosopher, Emerson, calls the “divine rage and enthusiasm, which seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body, unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into Nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society”

“All mankind,” says the same deep thinker in another portion of his delightful Essay, “love a lover. Though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age; and although we can seldom see after thirty years a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison and putting us quite beside ourselves, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrance, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. No man ever forgot the visitation of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new—which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art—which made the face of Nature radiant with purple light—the morning and the night, varied enchantments.”

Love is the fine spirit of song, and in all its Protean shapes gives music to expression.

English literature contains no amatory songs of any merit, with the exception of a few which we owe to the genius of those unfortunate friends, the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, of a date anterior to that golden age which produced a Shakspeare. Whatever songs of the kind may have been sung by the people have perished, or only exist in rude snatches and fragments, which Shakspeare himself, and some of his contemporaries, have preserved. The amatory songs, or the songs of the affections, produced at that time, or such of them as have been handed down to us, are rather the productions of the learning and the fancy of scholars, than the simple and passionate effusions of lovers. There is an air of elegance about them highly pleasing to the refined taste; a finish and a grace, and an epigrammatic brilliancy which never fail to captivate; but heart is wanting. In the age which succeeded that of Shakspeare, the merit of the popular love songs became still less, and heart may be said to have disappeared from them altogether, or to have been but faintly discernible amid a mass of scholarly conceits and learned prettinesses. The public taste was vitiated, and at last became satisfied with mock sentiment, and pagan allusion. No lover considered himself a true devotee at the shrine of beauty without appealing to Cupid or to Venus, and interlarding his speech with thoughts and expressions—scarcely fitting in a Greek or a Roman—but utterly unsuited to the realities of passion in a land

and among a people that were not heathen. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, an attempt to discard the ancient mythology was made by the best writers. It succeeded partially, but it was only to introduce a new style as objectionable as the old. Love played at masquerade, and bedizened itself in the costume of a stage shepherd. It was at this time that the loves of all the Chloes and Strephons came into fashion.

The famous song attributed sometimes to Pope, and sometimes to Swift, but most probably the composition of the former, and asserted to be written "by a Lady of Quality," happily ridiculed this class of songs, and those which had preceded them:

"Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
I, a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.
Mild Arcadians ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

* * *

"Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.
Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the birds of Juno stooping,
Melody resigns to Fate."

When English song writing was at its lowest ebb; when coarse and brutal Bacchanalian rhapsodies were sung at the table; when women's charms (her virtues were scarcely mentioned) were either portrayed in the silly masquerade of the writers of pastorals, or in the more natural, but less respectful, lyrical effusions of the wits and men about town, Captain Charles Morris, of the Life Guards, gallantly endeavoured to give a better tone to this department of literature. To use his own language, "he set his face against the lyrical scribblers of the eighteenth century, who, odious to relate, allowed not woman her true place in the heart, and placed

her, in all their songs of glee and gladness, invariably below the bottle. She was held out *in terrorem* to all happiness and joy, and to fly from her was the burthen of every song." He, on the contrary, wrote "to discipline anew the social bands of convivial life, to blend the sympathies of fellow hearts, and wreath a sweeter and gayer garland for the brow of festivity from the divine plants of concord, gratitude, friendship, and love." His genius, however, was not equal to his good intentions, and of the many hundred songs which he wrote, not one is worth remembering, except as a slight improvement upon the verses of Pope's "Lady of Quality,"—that mythological person who is supposed to have been the parent of all the love songs of the eighteenth century.

The return to the simplicity of nature, as the only source of poetic beauty, which signalized the revival of English literature at the commencement of the present century, had of course an effect upon the public taste as regarded songs; and a song writer appeared whose fame eclipsed that of all other competitors. Thomas Moore, whose Irish Melodies are Irish by their music, and by their nationality of sentiment, is, nevertheless, the best writer of English songs whom our literature has produced. He may be claimed for England, as well as for the country of his birth;—and the example of heart, united with intellect, of vigour combined with elegance, and of philosophy with fancy, which he set to his contemporary writers of verse, will long exercise a genial influence upon the literature of song.

While English songs that are written to be read have gradually attained the highest beauty, English songs intended to be sung have not reached the same perfection. In this respect the fault lies with the musical composers, who seem to love the "Lady of Quality" and her smooth "nonsense verses" far better than they love poetry, and to fail in adapting to music the higher flights of fancy or imagination, and the tenderer bursts of natural feeling. Without their aid the song writer cannot win his way to the popular heart; and poets, disgusted with musicians, will neglect this fascinating branch of the poetic art, and direct the energies of their minds to more elaborate composition.



MY SWEET SWEETING.

From a MS. temp. Henry VIII.¹

 Ah my sweet sweeting;
 My little pretty sweeting,
My sweeting will I love wherever I go;
 She is so proper and pure,
Full, stedfast, stable and demure,
 There is none such, you may be sure,
 As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my e'e,
That I am glad so oft to see,
 As my sweet sweeting.

¹ This is a small oblong paper volume—known to be of this early date by the badges on the binding, and the names on the fly leaf. It passed through the hands of Thomas Mulliner, Thomas Heywood, and Churchyard the poet. It was in the library of Sir John Hawkins, the musical historian, and afterwards in that of J. S. Smith, the author of "Musica Antiqua," and is now in the possession of Dr. Rimbault.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,
 Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
 They seem to me there is none so mete,
 As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I,
 And love my pretty pygsnye,¹
 For none I find so womanly
 As my sweet sweeting.

THE LOYAL LOVER.

From the same MS. as the preceding song.

As I lay sleeping,
 In dreams fleeting,
 Ever my sweeting
 Is in my mind.
 She is so goodly,
 With looks so lovely,
 That no man truly
 Such one can find.

Her beauty so pure,
 It doth under lure
 My poor heart full sure
 In governance.
 Therefore now will I
 Unto her apply,
 And ever will cry
 For remembrance.

Her fair eye piercing,
 My poor heart bleeding,
 And I abiding,
 In hope of mede;

¹ A term of endearment, used by Chaucer, Skelton, &c., probably the origin of the modern word pickaninny. It is spelled piggesnie in Tyrwhitt's edition of Chaucer. The poet, describing the Carpenter's wife in the Miller's Tale, says, "She was a primesole—a piggesnie;" *primesole*, signifies a primrose. "The Romans," says Tyrwhitt, "used *oculus* as a term of endearment, and perhaps *piggesnie*, in vulgar language, only means *ocellus*; the eyes of that animal being remarkably small."—Note on Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, v. 3268. Todd (*Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Pigsney*) has shown that the word was occasionally written *pigs eie*. The derivation, however, seems more likely to be from the old Saxon word, *piga*, a girl.

But thus have I long,
 Entuning this song,
 With pains full strong,
 And cannot speed.

Alas will not she,
 Now show her pity,
 But this will take me,
 In such disdain;
 Methinketh I was
 Unkind that she is,
 That bindeth me thus,
 In such hard pain.

Though she me bind,
 Yet shall she not find,
 My poor heart unkind,
 Do what she can;
 For I will her pray,
 While I live a day,
 Me to take for aye,
 For her own man.



THE SORROWS OF TRUE LOVERS' PARTING.

SIR THOMAS WYATT, born 1503, died 1554.

THERE was never nothing more me pain'd,
 Nor more my pity mov'd
 As when my sweetheart her complain'd
 That ever she me lov'd,
 Alas! the while!

With piteous look she said, and sigh'd,
 "Alas! what aileth me?
 To love and set my wealth so light,
 On him that loveth not me;
 Alas the while!

"Was I not well void of all pain,
 When that nothing me griev'd?
 And now with sorrows I must complain,
 And cannot be reliev'd,
 Alas! the while!

“My restful nights, and joyful days,
 Since I began to love
 Be take from me; all thing decays
 Yet can I not remove,
 Alas! the while!”

She wept and wrung her hands withal,
 The tears fell on my neck;
 She turned her face, and let them fall,
 And scarce therewith could speak:
 Alas! the while!

Her pains tormented me so sore
 That comfort I had none,
 But cursed my fortune more and more
 To see her sob and groan,
 Alas! the while!

THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY FOR LIBERTY.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

If chance assign'd,
 Were to my mind,
 By every kind
 Of destiny;
 Yet would I crave
 Nought else to have,
 But (dearest?) life and liberty.¹

Then were I sure,
 I might endure
 The displeasure
 Of cruelty;
 Where now I plain
 Alas! in vain,
 Lacking my life for liberty.

For without th' one,
 Th' other is gone,
 And there can none
 It remedy;

¹ In the ordinary version this line is printed “But life and liberty,”—as, however, the line is thus shorter by two feet than the corresponding lines of the other stanzas, the word “dearest” is suggested as the proper word to supply the omission.

If the one be past,
Th' other doth waste
And all for lack of liberty.

And so I drive,
As yet alive,
Although I strive
With misery;
Drawing my breath,
Looking for death,
And loss of life for liberty.

But thou that still,
May'st at thy will,
Turn all this ill
Adversity ;
For the repair,
Of my welfare,
Grant me but life and liberty.

And if not so,
Then let all go
To wretched woe,
And let me die ;
For th' one or th' other,
There is none other ;
My death, or life with liberty.

THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH THE WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE.

THE EARL OF SURREY, born 1516, died 1547.

WHEN raging love with extreme pain
Most cruelly distrains my heart ;
When that my tears, as floods of rain,
Bear witness of my woful smart ;
When sighs have wasted so my breath.
That I lie at the point of death :

I call to mind the navy great
 That the Greeks brought to Troy town :
 And how the boisterous winds did beat
 Their ships, and rent their sails adown ;
 Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
 Appeas'd the gods that them withstood,
 And how that in those ten years war
 Full many bloody deed was done ;
 And many a lord that came full far,
 There caught his bane, alas ! too soon ;
 And many a good night overrun,
 Before the Greeks had Helen won.
 Then think I thus : " Sith such repair,
 So long time war of valiant men,
 Was all to win a lady fair,
 Shall I not learn to suffer, then ?
 And think my life well spent to be
 Serving a worthier wight than she ?
 Therefore I never will repent,
 But pains contented still endure ;
 For like as when, rough winter spent,
 The pleasing spring straight draweth in ure ;¹
 So after raging storms of care,
 Joyful at length may be my fare.

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

THE EARL OF SURREY.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;
 My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours I dare well sayen,
 Than doth the sun the candle light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night
 And thereto hath a troth as just,
 As had Penelope the fair ;
 For what she saith, ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealed were :
 And virtues hath she many mo'
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

¹ Ure—fortune—destiny ;—a word used by Chaucer and other early writers.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
 When she had lost the perfect mould,
 The like to whom she could not paint :
 With wringing hands, how did she cry,
 And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,
 Her kingdom only set apart,
 There was no loss by law of kind
 That could have gone so near her heart ;
 And this was chiefly all her pain :
 "She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
 To be the chiefest work she wrought,
 In faith, methink, some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun.

The idea in the third and fourth stanzas of this song "that Nature lost the perfect mould," has been a favourite one with all song-writers and poets ; and is found in the literature of all European nations.

IN AN ARBOUR GREEN.

From the morality of "Lusty Juventus," printed in the reign of Edward VI.

In an arbour green, asleep where as I lay,
 The birds sang sweet in the middle of the day ;
 I dreamed fast of mirth and play :
 In youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
 And from her company could not go,
 But when I waked it was not so :
 In youth is pleasure.

Therefore my heart is sorely plight,
 Of her alone to have a sight,
 Which is my joy and heart's delight ;
 In youth is pleasure.



LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

Anonymous. Originally printed in 1569-70, in ballad form, on a broadside in black letter.

LOVE me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song,
 Love that is too hot and strong,
 Burneth soon to waste :
 Still I would not have thee cold,
 Not too backward or too bold,
 Love that lasteth till 'tis old,
 Fadeth not in haste.
 Love me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
 It will not prove as true as touch,
 Love me little, more than such,
 For I fear the end :
 I am with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent,
 Is enough with true intent,
 To be steadfast friend.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
 I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive,
 While that life endures :

Nay, and after death in sooth,
 I to thee will keep my truth,
 As now when in my May of youth,
 This my love assures.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Constant love is moderate ever,
 And it will through life persevere,
 Give me that with true endeavour,
 I will it restore :
 A suit of durance let it be,
 For all weathers, that for me,
 For the land or for the sea,
 Lasting evermore.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
 Autumn's tempests on it beat,
 It can never know defeat,
 Never can rebel :
 Such the love that I would gain,
 Such the love I tell thee plain,
 Thou must give or woo in vain ;
 So to thee farewell.
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

IF WOMEN COULD BE FAIR.

From Byrd's "Songs and Sonnets," 1588.

If women could be fair and never fond,
 Or that their beauty might continue still
 I would not marvel though they made men bond,
 By service long to purchase their good will ;
 But when I see how frail these creatures are,
 I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make, and how they change,
 How, leaving best, the worst they choose out still,
 And how, like laggards, wild about they range,
 Scorning after reason to follow will ;
 Who would not shake such buzzards from the fist,
 And let them fly, fair fools, what way they list ?

Yet for our sport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them on to yield by subtle oath,
The sweet content that gives such humour ease;
And then we say, when we their follies try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

MAY NEVER WAS THE MONTH OF LOVE.

From Morley's "Ballets," 1595,

MAY never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words, enthralling souls,
She claims in servile hands,
Her eye in silence hath a speech,
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Short hap immortal harms,
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely,
Before her, hope—behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain,
Seek other mistress for your mind,
Love's service is in vain.



ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

THOMAS LODGE, born 1556, died 1625.

LOVE in my bosom like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet ;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet ;
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast,
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest :
 Ah ! wanton, will you ?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
 With pretty slight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The live long night ;
 Strike I the lute, he tunes the string,
 He music plays, if I but sing ;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel, he my heart doth sting :
 Ah ! wanton, will you ?

Else I with roses every day,
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you when you long to play,
 For your offence ;
 I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin,
 Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me !

What if I beat the wanton boy,
 With many a rod,
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god ;
 Then sit thou softly on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be ;
 Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,
 O Cupid ! so thou pity me ;
 Spare not, but play thee.

A CHARACTER OF LOVE.

SAMUEL DANYELL, born 1562, died 1619.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing,
 A plant that with most cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.
 Why so ?
 If we enjoy it, soon it dies,
 If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries
 Hey ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting,
 A heav'n has made it of a kind,
 Not well ;—nor full, nor fasting.
 Why so ?
 If we enjoy it, soon it dies,
 If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries
 Hey ho !

SIGH NO MORE LADIES.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, born 1564, died 1616.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever ;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never :
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe,
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy :
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe,
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

From "Much Ado About Nothing," Act II., Scene iii. This song is sung by Balthazar and affirmed by Don Pedro to be "By my troth, a good song."



HARK! HARK! THE LARK!

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

HARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
 As Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chaliced flowers that lies,
 And winking May-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty bin :
 My lady sweet arise ;—
 Arise,—arise.

From Cymbeline—sung by Cloten's musicians under the windows of Imogen's chamber.

TAKE, OH TAKE, THOSE LIPS AWAY!

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

TAKE, oh take, those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn !
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn ;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love but seal'd in vain. ;

Hide, oh hide, those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears !
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears ;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

* There is some doubt as to the authorship of this exquisite song. The first stanza is quoted in "Measure for Measure." Both of the stanzas appear in the "Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy," by Beaumont and Fletcher. It does not follow, however, that any part of it is Shakspeare's because it is introduced in one of his plays. A note on this passage in Knight's edition of Shakspeare's plays says, "The question arises, is this, song to be attributed to Shakspeare or Fletcher? Malone justly observes that all the songs introduced in our author's plays appear to have been his own composition. The idea in the line—

' Seals of love, but sealed in vain,'

is found in the 142d sonnet. The image is also repeated in 'Venus and Adonis' Weber, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, is of opinion that the first stanza was Shakspeare's and that Fletcher added the second. There is no evidence, we apprehend, internal or external, by which the question can be settled."

 THE FOLLY OF LOVE.

From JOHN DOWLAND's Second Book of Songs, 1600.

WHAT poor astronomers are they,
 Take women's eyes for stars,
 And set their thoughts in battle 'ray,
 To fight such idle wars ;
 When in the end they shall approve,
 'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.

And love itself is but a jest,
 Devised by idle heads,
 To catch young fancies in the nest,
 And lay it in fools' beds ;
 That being hatched by beauty's eyes,
 They may be fledged ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see
 How wit will run on wheels ;
 While wit cannot persuaded be,
 With that which reason feels—
 That women's eyes and stars are odd,
 And love is but a feigned god.

But such as will run mad with will
 I cannot clear their sight,
 But leave them to their study still,
 To look where is no light ;
 Till time too late we make them try,
 They study false astronomy.

"John Dowland," says a note in the Rev. Alexander Dyce's edition of the Poems of Shakspeare, "was a famous latinist." In a sonnet often attributed to Shakspeare, because inserted in his "Passionate Pilgrim," but published by Richard Barnefield, a year before the "Passionate Pilgrim" was given to the world, occur the lines ;—

"Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute, doth ravish human sense."

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

From "An Houre's Recreation in Musicke." RICHARD ALLISON, 1606.

THERE is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies grow ;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose,
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds fell'd with snow ;
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

This song is apparently the original which suggested to Herrick the lines entitled "Cherry Ripe." Having been somewhat altered and adapted to a pleasing melody by Mr. Charles Horn, the song of "Cherry Ripe" became very popular about the year 1825.

CHERRY RIPE

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, come and buy;
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer there,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile
 There's the land, or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry
 Full and fair ones, come and buy
 There plantations fully show
 All the year where cherries grow.
 Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, come and buy.



SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

From "The Muses' Gardens," 1610.

ONCE did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
 As passion did them move;
 Once did I hope, straight fear again,
 And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
 And told how many minutes move;
 Once did I wishing waste the day,
 And then I was in love.

Once by my carving true love's knot,
 The weeping trees did prove,
 That wounds and tears were both our lots,
 And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
 And in my mistress move ;
 Once was I not mine own at all,
 And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
 And collars did approve ;
 Once were my clothes made out of wax,
 And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
 My soul in numbers move ;
 Once did I tell a thousand lies,
 And then I was in love.

Once in my breast did dangling hang
 A little turtle dove ;
 Once, in a word, I was a fool,
 And then I was in love.

A DOUBT RESOLVED.

DR. R. HUGHES. From the third book of "Lawes's Ayres."

FAIN would I love, but that I fear
 I quickly should the willow wear ;
 Fain would I marry, but men say,
 When love is tied he will away ;
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do,
 To cure these fears, whene'er I woo ?

The fair one she's a mark to all,
 The brown each one doth lovely call,
 The black's a pearl in fair men's eyes,
 The rest will stoop at any prize ;
 Then tell me love what shall I do,
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

Young lover know it is not I,
 That wound with fear or jealousy ;
 Nor do men ever feel these smarts,
 Until they have confined their hearts ;
 Then if you'll cure your fears, you shall
 Love neither fair, black, brown, but all.

DEAREST! DO NOT YOU DELAY ME.

From FLETCHER's Comedy of the "Spanish Curate," 1622.

DEAREST! do not you delay me,
 Since thou know'st I must be gone ;
 Wind and tide, 'tis thought doth stay me,
 But 'tis wind that must be blown
 From that breath, whose native smell
 Indian odours far excel.

Oh! then speak, thou fairest fair!
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee ;
 But perfume this neighbouring air,
 Else dull silence, sure, will starve me ;
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
 Which, being restrain'd a heart is broken.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

SIR HENRY WOTTON, born 1568, died 1639.

You meaner beauties of the night
 That poorly satisfy our eyes,
 More by your number than your light ;
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the moon shall rise ?

Ye violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the rose is blown ?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame nature's lays,
 Thinking your passion understood
 By your weak accents—what's your praise,
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,
 In sweetness of her looks and mind;
 By virtue first, then choice a queen,
 Tell me if she was not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

This song is supposed to have been inspired by the charms of the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of King James I. It is printed with additional stanzas in Chambers's "Scottish Songs," as the composition of Henry Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The additional verses are of no great merit, and do not seem to have been the composition of Sir Henry Wotton. Dr. Percy has altered the word "moon," in the concluding line of the first stanza, to "sun," but without sufficiently considering whether the alteration were an improvement. The "sun" is not one of the beauties of the night. The poet knew his meaning better than his critic.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN, born 1570, died 1638.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
 Thou art not what thou wert before,
 What reason I should be the same?
 He that can love, unlov'd again,
 Hath better store of love than brain;
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine;
 Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine:
 But thou thy freedom did recal,
 That if thou might elsewhere enthral;
 And then how could I but disdain,
 A captive's captive to remain.

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
 And changed the object of thy will;
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy to love thee still.
 Yea, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so;
 Since we are taught our prayers to say,
 To such as must to others pray.
 Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost:
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee,
 To love thee still, but go no more,
 A begging at a beggar's door.

From Ritson's "Caledonian Muse"—Sir Robert Aytoun was a Scotchman by birth but his poems belong to English literature.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

JOHN DONNE, born 1573, died 1631.

If thou beest born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights
 Till age snow white hairs on thee;
 Thou, when thou return'st wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear,
 No where,
 Lives a woman true and fair.
 If thou find one let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet,
 Yet do not! I would not go,
 Though at next door, we might meet;
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And lasted till you wrote your letter,
 Yet she,
 Will be,
 False ere I come, to two or three.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

From "The Forest," by BEN JONSON, born 1574, died 1637.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It would not wither'd be,
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since then, it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

STILL TO BE NEAT.

From "The Forest," by BEN JONSON.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powder'd, still perfumed,
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all th' adulteries of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

ON CELIA SINGING.

THOMAS CAREW, born about 1580, died 1639.

You that think love can convey,
 No other way
 But through the eyes, into the heart
 His fatal dart;
 Close up those casements, and but hear
 This syren sing,
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice it shall appear
 That love can enter at the ear.
 Then unveil your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voice dwells; and as we know
 When the cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
 So may you when the music's done,
 Awake and see the rising sun.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

THOMAS CAREW.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain its fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined
 Kindle never dying fires;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

There is another stanza to this song in some editions of the English poets, but so inferior in every way to these, and so unnecessary to the climax of the sentiment, as to suggest a doubt whether it has not been added by an inferior hand.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

THOMAS CAREW.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain ;

 The torrid or the frozen zone,

Brings equal ease unto my pain ;

 The temperate affords me none ;

Either extreme, of love, or hate.

Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,

 Like Danae in a golden shower

I swim in pleasure ; if it prove

 Disdain, that torrent will devour

My vulture hopes ; and he's possessed

 Of Heaven, that's cut from hell releas'd ;

Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;

Give me more love or more disdain.

SHALL I LIKE A HERMIT DWELL?

Attributed to SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like a hermit dwell,

On a rock or in a cell,

Calling home the smallest part

That is missing of my heart,

To bestow it where I may

Meet a rival every day ?

 If she undervalue me,

 What care I how fair she be ?

Were her tresses angel-gold¹

If a stranger may be bold

Unrebuked, unafraid

To convert them to a braid ;

And with little more ado

Work them into bracelets, too ;

 If the mine be grown so free

 What care I how rich it be ?

¹ *Angel-gold* was of a finer kind than crown gold.

Where her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs or precious eyes;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good manners' sake;
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip;
 If she be not chaste to me
 What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire, by burning too;
 But when she by change hath got
 To her heart a second lot;
 Then if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be!

The burden of this song probably suggested the far more beautiful song of Georg
 Wither's, which immediately follows.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

GEORGE WITHER, born 1588, died 1667.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo ;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair :
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve :
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go :
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

From "The Mistress of Philarete," published in 1622.



I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

GEORGE WITHER.

I LOV'D a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen ;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen ;
But fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister
Which passed all others far ;
She would me honey call,
She'd, oh—she'd kiss me too,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time to Medley,¹
My love and I would go—
The boatmen there stood ready
My love and me to row ;
For cream there would we call,
For cakes, and for prunes too,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had ;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad ;
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

¹ Medley House, between Godstow and Oxford. It has been supposed by Ritson, from the mention of this place of summer recreation for the Oxford students, that Wither wrote this beautiful song when at College in the year 1606 ; but it is not likely to have been the production of a youth of 18. It did not occur to Ritson that a man may write about his college haunts long after he has quitted them.

And as abroad we walked,
As lovers' fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked,
The sun would steal a kiss ;
The wind upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow,
When she was blythe and merry,
She angel like did show ;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter,
She had her heart's desire ;
I still did scorn to stint her,
From, sugar, sack, or fire ;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walk'd home together
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather—
O'er her I'd cast my gown ;
No cold my love should feel,
Whate'er the heavens could do,
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast,
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last ;
They're Judas kisses now,
Since that they prov'd untrue ;
For now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maiden's vows and swearing,
 Henceforth no credit give,
 You may give them the hearing—
 But never them believe;
 They are as false as fair,
 Unconstant, frail, untrue;
 For mine, alas! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

'Twas I that paid for all things,
 'Twas others drank the wine;
 I cannot now recall things,
 I'm but a fool to pine:
 'Twas I that beat the bush,
 The birds to others flew,
 For she, alas! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that Dame Nature,
 For this false lover's sake,
 Another pleasing creature
 Like unto her would make;
 Let her remember this,
 To make the other true,
 For this, alas! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raise me,
 No woe make me despair,
 No misery amaze me,
 Nor yet for want I care;
 I've lost a world, itself,
 My earthly heaven,—adieu!
 Since she, alas! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo. *Oh! the good bye - too*

TELL ME NO MORE.

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester, born 1591, died 1669.

TELL me no more how fair she is;
 I have no mind to hear,
 The story of that distant bliss
 I never shall come near:
 By sad experience I have found
 That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
 To tempt my daring fate,
 From whence no triumph ever came
 But to repent too late:
 There is some hope ere long I may
 In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
 Nor will thy justice blame.
 So that thou wilt not envy me
 The glory of my flame,
 Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
 In that it falls her sacrifice.



GO, HAPPY ROSE!

ROBERT HERRICK, born 1591.

Go, happy Rose! and interwove
 With other flowers, bind my love.
 Tell her, too, she must not be
 Longer flowing, longer free,
 That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
 Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
 Tell her, if she struggle still,
 I have myrtle rods at will,
 For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
 And tell her this,—but do not so!
 Lest a handsome anger fly,
 Like a lightning from her eye,
 And burn thee up, as well as I.



GOOD MORROW.

From "Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas." By THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1607.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow !
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow
 Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my love good-morrow !

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
 Sing birds in every furrow,
 And from each hill let music shrill,
 Give my fair love good-morrow !
 Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves among yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow !

I PRYTHER SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, born 1613, died 1641.

I PRYTHER send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine ?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
O Love ! where is thy sympathy
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For, when I think I'm best resolved,
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
I will no longer pine ;
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

THE DEW NO MORE SHALL WEEP.

RICHARD CRASHAW, born about 1615, died 1652.

THE dew no more shall weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck ;
The dew no more shall sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck :
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
 Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
 Makes sorrow half so rich,
 As the drops distill'd from thee:
 Sorrow's best jewels be in these
 Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.
 When sorrow would be seen
 In her bright majesty,
 For she is a Queen!
 Then is she dress'd by none but thee,
 Then, and only then, she wears
 Her richest pearls;—I mean thy tears.
 Not in the evening's eyes
 When they red with weeping are
 For the sun that dies,
 Sits Sorrow with a face so fair:
 No where but here doth meet,
 Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

I NEVER YET COULD SEE THAT FACE.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, born 1618, died 1667.

I NEVER yet could see that face
 Which had no dart for me;
 From fifteen years to fifty's space,
 They all victorious be.
 Colour or shape, good limbs, or face,
 Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
 In motion, or in speech a grace;—
 If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.
 If tall, the name of proper stays;
 If fair, she's pleasant as the light;
 If low, her prettiness does please;
 If black, what lover loves not night?
 The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,
 The lean, with love makes me too so;
 If straight, her body's Cupid's dart,
 To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
 Through all love's garden and his fields,
 And like the wise industrious bee,
 No weed, but honey to me yields.

This song is an abridgement of a poem in Cowley's "Mistress," from which several incongruous stanzas and parts of stanzas have been judiciously omitted by the musical composer.

TELL ME NOT SWEET.

By RICHARD LOVELACE, born 1618, died 1658.

TELL me not sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.



True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you, too, shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

THE RESOLVE.

ALEXANDER BROME, born 1620, died 1666.

TELL me not of a face that's fair,
 Nor lip and cheek that's red,
 Nor of the tresses of her hair,
 Nor curls in order laid;
 Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
 That like an angel sings;
 Though if I were to take my choice,
 I would have all these things.
 But if that thou wilt have me love,
 And it must be a she;
 The only argument can move
 Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
 But metaphors of things,
 And but resemble what we see
 Each common object brings.
 Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
 Lilies their whiteness stain:
 What fool is he that shadow seeks,
 And may the substance gain?
 Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
 Let it be one that's kind,
 Else I'm a servant to the glass,
 That's with canary lined.

AH! HOW SWEET.

JOHN DRYDEN, born 1631, died 1701.

AH! how sweet it is to love.
 Ah! how gay is young desire.
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach love's fire
 Pains of love are sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart :
 E'en the tears they shed alone
 Cure like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
 Treat them like a parting friend ;
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send :
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful vein ;
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again.
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

The concluding lines of the first stanza, though possibly unknown to Robert Burns, resemble very closely his much admired lines—

“ ‘Tis better for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside, Jessie.”

FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

JOHN DRYDEN.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
 Reserved for your victorious eyes :
 From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
 O pity and distinguish me !
 As I, from thousand beauties more
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was designed ;
 Your every motion charms my mind ;
 Angels when you your silence break,
 Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
 But when at once they hear and view,
 Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
 But all are lost unless you love ;
 While that sweet passion you disdain,
 Your veil and beauty are in vain :
 In pity then prevent my fate,
 For after dying all reprieve's too late.

YE HAPPY SWAINS.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE, born about 1536, died 1683.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
 From love's imperial chain,
 Take warning and be taught by me
 To avoid the enchanting pain ;
 Fatal, the wolves to trembling flocks,
 Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
 To careless seamen, hidden rocks,
 To human quiet, love.

Fly the fair sex if bliss you prize,
 The snake's beneath the flower ;
 Whoever gazed on beauteous eyes
 That tasted quiet more ?
 How faithless is the lovers' joy !
 How constant is their care !
 The kind with falsehood to destroy,
 The cruel with despair.

CEASE ANXIOUS WORLD.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

CEASE anxious world, your fruitless pain,
 To grasp forbidden store ;
 Your sturdy labours shall prove vain,
 Your alchemy unblest ;
 Whilst seeds of far more precious ore
 Are ripen'd in my breast.

My breast the forge of happier love,
Where my Lucinda lives ;
And the rich stock does so improve,
As she her art employs,
That every smile and touch she gives
Turns all to golden joys.

Since thence we can such treasures raise,
Let's no expense refuse ;
In love let's lay out all our days ;
How can we e'er be poor,
When every blessing that we use
Begets a thousand more ?

PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, born 1639, died 1701.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the wind or seas ;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix ;
Yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks ;
Which though I see,
I can't get free ;
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more ?

REASONS FOR CONSTANCY.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest ;
 For I would change each hour, like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.

For I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have :
 Thy face I only came to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
 In thy dear self I find ;
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
 And still make love anew ?
 When change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true.

THE DEPOSITION.

THOMAS STANLEY, born 1664, died 1678.

THOUGH when I lov'd thee, thou wert fair,
 Thou art no longer so :
 Those glories, all the pride they wear
 Unto opinion owe :
 Beauties, like stars, in borrowed lustre shine,
 And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
 Do now with mine expire ;
 Thy brightest graces fade and die
 At once with my desire.
 Love's fires thus mutual influence return ;
 Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.



Then, proud Celinda, hope no more,
To be implor'd or woo'd ;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd :
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

THE LOVER'S VOW.

BISHOP ATTERBURY, born 1662, died 1732.

FAIR Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
For having lov'd before ;
For men, till they have learn'd the truth,
Strange deities adore.

My heart, 'tis true, hath often rang'd
 Like bees on gaudy flowers ;
 And many a thousand loves hath chang'd,
 Till it was fix'd on yours.

But Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
 'Twas soon determin'd there,
 Stars might as well forsake the skies,
 And vanish into air.

When I from this great rule do err,
 New beauties to adore ;
 May I again turn wanderer,
 And never settle more.

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

WILLIAM WALSH, born 1663, died 1709.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst ;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst !
 By partners of each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow ;
 In love alone we hate to find,
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are labouring in my breast ;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest !
 How great soe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope ;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

The author of this song is mentioned in the correspondence and poems of Alexander Pope. "In 1705," says Dr. Johnson in his 'Lives of the Poets,' "Walsh began to correspond with Mr. Pope, in whom he discovered very early the power of poetry. Pope always retained a grateful sense of Walsh's notice, and mentioned him in one of his latest pieces among those that had encouraged his juvenile studies,—

'Glanville the polite
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write.'"

THE FIRE OF LOVE.

From the "Examen Miscellaneum," 1702, where it is said to be by Earl D. (Dorset),

THE fire of love in youthful blood
 Like what is kindled in brushwood,
 But for a moment burns;
 Yet in that moment, makes a mighty noise;
 It crackles, and to vapour turns,
 And soon itself destroys.

But, when crept into aged veins,
 It slowly burns, and long remains,
 And with a silent heat,
 Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
 And though the flame be not so great,
 Yet is the heat as strong.

FAIR HEBE.

By LORD CANTALUPE. From a half-sheet, with the music, printed about 1720,
 and not included in any collection.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
 To escape from her charms, and to drown love in wine;
 I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, but still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, entreating her aid,
 Who paused on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd;
 Then gravely pronounced, in return to my prayer,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that were fair!

"That's a truth," replied I, "I've no need to be taught.
 I came for your counsel to find out a fault;"
 "If that's all," says Reason, "return as you came,
 For to find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name."

What hopes, then, alas! of relief from my pain,
 When, like lightning, she darts through each throbbing vein
 My senses surprised, in her favour took arms,
 And Reason confines me, a slave to her charms!

TILL DEATH I SYLVIA MUST ADORE.

From "The Hive." A collection of Songs in four volumes, 12mo., 1726.

TILL death I Sylvia must adore;
 No time my freedom can restore;
 For though her rigour makes me smart,
 Yet when I strive to free my heart,
 Straight all my senses take her part.

And when against the cruel maid,
 I call my reason to my aid;
 By that, alas! I plainly see
 That nothing lovely is, but she;
 And reason captivates me more,
 Than all my senses did before.

WHY, LOVELY CHARMER.

From "The Hive."

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
 So very kind, and yet so shy?
 Why does that cold forbidding air
 Give damps of sorrow and despair?
 Or why that smile my soul subdue,
 And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your art,
 By turns to fire and freeze my heart;
 When I behold a face so fair,
 So sweet a look, so soft an air,
 My ravish'd soul is charmed all o'er,
 I cannot love thee less or more.

UNHAPPY LOVE.

From "The Hive."

I SEE she flies me everywhere,
 Her eyes her scorn discover,
 But what's her scorn, or my despair,
 Since 'tis my fate to love her?
 Were she but kind whom I adore
 I might live longer, but no love her more.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON, born 1709, died 1773.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Awed by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice than her's can hear;
 No other wit but her's approve;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest, friend,
 His instant enemy I prove;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleased before,
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

 THE SHAPE ALONE.

Ritson assigns this song to AKENSIDE (born 1721, died 1770), but it is not contained in his works.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek and ivory arm
 Shall ne'er my wishes win;
 Give me an animated form
 That speaks a mind within;

A face where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view,
 With every image of delight,
 With graces ever new!

Of power to charm the deepest woe
 The wildest rage control;
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture thro' the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
 All language must despair;
 But go behold Aspasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.



O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

THOMAS PERCY, D.D., Bishop of Dromore, editor of the "Relics of Ancient English Poetry," born 1728, died 1811.

O NANCY wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene.
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien,
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! can'st thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Robert Burns affirmed this song to be the most beautiful composition of its kind in the English language.

DEAR BETTY.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

DEAR Betty, come give me sweet kisses,
 Far sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why, in the midst of our blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;
 Then prithee, dear Betty be kind;
 For as I love *thee* beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are straying,
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempé are playing,
 Or the grains that each Sicily yields;
 Count how many stars are in Heaven;
 Go reckon the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still will be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart, that dear Betty is thine;
 In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
 And curl round thy neck like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But those who can number their kisses
 Will always with few be content.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Bart., wrote a great number of political and other songs, which, with his other works were published in 1822, in 3 vols., from the original MSS. in the possession of his grandson the Earl of Essex, with notes by Horace Walpole. This song—the only one of the many which is a shade above mediocrity—is an imitation of Martial, lib. vi. Ep. xxxiv. The greater portion of the songs of this writer were produced between 1730 and 1745.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, born 1731, died 1774.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.¹

¹ "For elegant simplicity of language, harmony of versification, and pointed neatness of composition," says Dr. Aikin in his 'Vocal Poetry,' "there are not perhaps, to be found in the language two more finished stanzas than these, which are introduced in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'" It may be doubted whether Dr. Aikin's eulogium be deserved. To die is not an 'art.' And, independently of this verbal objection, the philosophy of the song is not irreproachable.

THE THORN.

JOHN O'KEEFFE. The Music by Shield.

FROM the white blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe requested
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn;
 No, by Heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn!

When I show'd her the ring and implored her to marry
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn.
 Yes, yes! I'll consent, she replied, if you promise,
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

PRETTY LITTLE SUE.

From "The Myrtle and the Vine," A.D. 1780.

My fair, ye swains, is gone astray,
 The little wand'rer lost her way;
 In gathering flow'rs the other day;
 Sing high, sing high, sing low;
 O lead her home, ye gentle swains,
 Who know an absent lover's pains,
 And bring in safety o'er the plains
 My pretty little Sue.

Whene'er a charming form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 O bring her, for it must be she;
 Sing high, sing high, sing low:
 When such a tuneful voice you hear
 As makes you think a syren's near,
 O bring her, for it is my dear,
 My pretty little Sue.

But rest my soul, and bless your fate,
 The gods who formed her so complete,
 Will safely guard her harmless feet,
 Sing high, sing high, sing low:
 O lead her home, ye gentle swains,
 Who know an absent lover's pains,
 And bring in safety o'er the plains
 My pretty little Sue.

IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU NEAR

CHARLES DIBDIN, born 1745, died 1814.

IF 'tis love to wish you near,
 To tremble when the wind I hear,
 Because at sea you floating rove ;
 If of you to dream at night,
 To languish when you're out of sight,
 If this be loving—then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
 To ask of every tender power
 That you may kind and faithful prove ;
 If, void of falsehood and deceit,
 I feel a pleasure now we meet,
 If this be loving—then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
 Determin'd never to forsake,
 Though low in poverty we strove ;
 If, so that me your wife you'd call,
 I offer you my little all ;
 If this be loving—then I love.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

R. B. SHERIDAN, born 1751, died 1816.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms would make me true :
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong,
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part ;
 Then lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

COUNTY GUY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771, died 1832.

O County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea :
 The lark his lay, who trill'd all day,
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
 Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour !
 But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
 Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high born Cavalier.
 The star of love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
 Now, high and low the influence know :
 But where is County Guy.

OH ! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

From the Opera of Clari, the Maid of Milan.

OH ! say not woman's heart is bought
 With vain and empty treasure ;
 Oh ! say not woman's heart is caught
 By every idle pleasure.
 When first her gentle bosom knows
 Love's flame, it wanders never ;
 Deep in her heart the passion glows,
 She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair,
 That like the bee she ranges !
 Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes.
 Ah ! no, the love that first can warm,
 Will leave her bosom never ;
 No second passion e'er can charm,
 She loves and loves for ever.

FAREWELL.

LORD BYRON, born 1788, died 1824.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'Tis vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in the word—Farewell! Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast, and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again
 My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel,
 I only know I loved in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell! Farewell!

I SAW THEE WEEP.

LORD BYRON.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew:
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee cease to shine:
 It could not match the living rays
 That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED IN SILENCE AND TEARS.

LORD BYRON.

WHEN we two parted,
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years.
Pale grew the cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss!
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow,
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame,
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame,

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I know thee,
Who knew thee too well!
Long, long shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met,
In silence I grieve,
That my heart would forget,
Thy spirit deceive!
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears!

LOVE AND GLORY.

THOMAS DIEDIN, born 1771, died 1841.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
 As ever graced a martial story;
 And Jane was fair as lovely truth;
 She sighed for Love, and he for Glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 And told her many a gallant story;
 Till war their coming joys to blight,
 Call'd him away from Love and Glory.

Young Henry met the foe with pride;
 Jane followed, fought! ah, hapless story!
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for Love, and he for Glory.

WHY ARE YOU WAND'RING HERE, I PRAY

From KENNY'S Comedy of "Sweethearts and Wives."

"WHY are you wand'ring here, I pray?"
 An old man asked a maid one day,
 "Looking for poppies so bright and red,
 Father," said she, "I'm hither led."
 "Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,
 "Poppies 'tis known, to all who rove,
 Grow in the field and not in the grove.

"Tell me," again the old man said,
 "Why are you loit'ring here, fair maid?"
 "The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
 Father," said she "I'm come to hear."
 "Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,
 "Nightingales all, so people say,
 Warble by night, and not by day.

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,
 When Lubin jump'd o'er the style hard by;
 The sage look'd graver, the maid more glum,
 Lubin, he twiddled his finger and thumb:



“Fie, fie;” was the old man’s cry,
 “Poppies like these I own are rare,
 And of such nightingale’s songs beware.”

LOVE’S FOLLIES.

W. T. MONCRIEFF, From Poems privately printed, A.D. 1820.

WHEN, lull’d in passion’s dream my senses slept,
 How did I act?—e’en as a wayward child;
 I smiled with pleasure when I should have wept!
 And wept with sorrow when I should have smiled;

When Gracia, beautiful but faithless fair,
 Who long in passion’s bonds my heart had kept,
 First with false blushes pitied my despair,
 I smiled with pleasure!—should I not have wept?

And when, to gratify some wealthier wight,
 She left to grief the heart she had beguiled ;
 The heart grew sick, and saddening at the sight,
 I wept with sorrow!—should I not have smiled ?

OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, born 1797, died 1839.

OH! no, we never mention her, her name is never heard,
 My lips are now forbid to speak, that once familiar word ;
 From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret,
 And when they win a smile from me they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others see,
 But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
 'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met,
 I do not see the hawthorn tree, but how can I forget ?

For oh! there are so many things recall the past to me,
 The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea ;
 The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set,
 Aye, every leaf I look upon forbids that I forget.

They tell me she is happy now, the gayest of the gay,
 They hint that she forgets me too, but I heed not what they say ;
 Perhaps like me she struggles with each feeling of regret,
 But if she loves as I have loved, she never can forget.

SALLY.

SAMUEL LOVER.

“ SALLY, Sally! shilly shally! Sally why not name the day ? ”
 “ Harry, Harry! I will tarry longer in love's flow'ry way.”
 “ Sally, why not make your mind up? Why embitter thus my cup? ”
 “ Harry, I've so great a mind, it takes a long time making up.”

"Sally, Sally! in the valley, you have promised many a time,
On the summer Sunday morning, as we heard the matin chime,
Listening to those sweet bells ringing, calling grateful hearts to pray,
I have whispered, oh! how sweetly, they'll proclaim our wedding day."

"Harry, Harry! I'll not marry, till I find your eyes don't stray :
At Kate Riley you so sily stole a wink the other day."

"But Kate Riley, she's my cousin."—"Harry, I have cousins too,
If you will have close relations, I have cousins close as you,"

"Sally, Sally! do not rally, do not mock my tender woe;
Play me not thus shilly shally, Sally do not tease me so;
Whilst you're smiling, hearts beguiling, doing all a woman can,
Think, though you're almost an angel, I am but a mortal man."

ADIEU, ADIEU! OUR DREAM OF LOVE.

THOMAS K. HERVEY. From the "Poetical Sketch Book," 1829.

ADIEU, adieu!—our dream of love
Was far too sweet to linger long,
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,
But here they mock the fond and young.

We met in hope,—we part in tears!
Yet, oh! 'tis sadly sweet to know
That life, in all its future years,
Can reach us with no heavier blow!

Our souls have drunk, in early youth,
The bitter dregs of earthly ill,
Our bosoms, blighted in their truth,
Have learned to suffer, and be still!

The hour is come,—the spell is past!
Far, far from thee, my only love!
Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's last!
My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu!—oh, dull and dread,
 Sinks on the ear that parting knell!
 Hope, and the dreams of hope, lie dead,—
 To them and thee—farewell, farewell!

I THINK ON THEE IN THE NIGHT

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

I THINK on thee in the night,
 When all beside is still,
 And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
 To sit on the lonely hill!
 When the stars are all like dreams,
 And the breezes all like sighs,
 And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
 Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think on thee by day,
 'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
 When the laughter of the young and gay
 Is far too glad and loud!
 I hear thy soft, sad tone,
 And thy young, sweet smile I see,—
 My heart,—my heart were all alone,
 But for its dreams of thee!

ELLEN EVELINA.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THOU hast smiles for all the world,
 Ellen Evelina;
 Beautiful those smiles may be,
 Warm as sunshine and as free;
 But I'd rather, I confess,
 Love a maid, who, smiling less,
 Gave her sweetest smiles to me;—
 Ellen Evelina.

Thou can'st win the world's applause,
 Ellen Evelina;
 Thou'rt a wit and *bel esprit*,
 Living upon flattery;
 But I'd rather all my days
 Love a woman, seeking praise,
 Not from others, but from me,
 Ellen Evelina.

When thou singest, hearts beat low,
 Ellen Evelina;
 Admiration great and free,
 Lingers on thy melody:
 But no song, however fair,
 In my fancy can compare,
 With a whispered—"I love thee,"
 Ellen Evelina.

Oft I think, against my will,
 Ellen Evelina,
 Notwithstanding all I see
 Bright and beautiful in thee,
 That thou lovest, oh my *belle*!
 Thy enchanting self too well,
 To give love enough to me,
 Ellen Evelina.

Thou hast chosen,—so have I,—
 Ellen Evelina;
 In thy track I'll cease to run,
 I will end as I begun:
 She whom I would choose for life,
 For my love, my friend, my wife,
 Must have heart—and thou hast none,
 Ellen Evelina.

BROKEN SILENCE.

By J. WESTLAND MARSTON, author of the "Patrician's Daughter."

O BREAK not her silence!—she listens to voices
 Whose tones are a feeling, whose echoes a thrill;
 And more than in aught that is real she rejoices
 In dreams which presage what they ne'er can fulfil,—
 The dreams, the first fond dreams of love!

O, break not her silence!—her heart is replying
 To chords that are swept by a breeze from the past;
 No hymn in the present can match with that sighing
 O'er hopes which, though vanished, were dear to the last,—
 The hopes, the first bright hopes of youth!

Thou can'st *not* break her silence!—no word that is spoken
 Can now wound her ear, no regret dim her eyes;
 Thou can'st *not* break her silence; yet, hark! it is broken,—
 “Come hither, come hither,”—a voice from the skies!
 “Come hither,”—a voice from the skies!

BLUE IS THE SKY.

G. MEREDITH.

BLUE is the sky, blue is thine eye,
 Which shall I call Heaven?
 Star is there, and soul is here,
 Tell me which is Heaven?
 I cannot know unless thou say,
 So kin are both in orb and ray,
 So full of heavenly feature;
 The fall of dews, the flush of hues,
 The tenderness of softened views,
 Lovely alike by night or day,
 And both of heavenly nature.

Blue is the sky, blue is thine eye,
 Both would image Heaven!
 Light is there, and love is here,
 Each the child of Heaven!
 Oh! might it be, and may it be,
 That I who worship Heaven in thee,
 May so fulfil thy mission,
 That light and love from Heaven above,
 And star and soul, my bridal dove,
 May blend and open Heaven to me,

LOVE IN HATE.

CHARLES MACKAY. From "Legends of the Isles and other poems," 1845.

ONCE I thought I could adore him,
 Rich or poor, beloved the same;
 Now I hate him, and abhor him—
 Now I loathe his very name—
 Spurn'd at, when I sued for pity—
 Robb'd of peace and virgin fame.

If my hatred could consume him,
 Soul and body, heart and brain,
 If my will had power to doom him
 To eternity of pain;
 I would strike—and die, confessing
 That I had not lived in vain.

Oh, if in my bosom lying,
 I could work him deadly scathe!
 Oh, if I could clasp him, dying,
 And receive his parting breath—
 In one burst of burning passion
 I would kiss him into death!

I would cover with embraces
 Lips, that once his love confessed,
 And that falsest of false faces,
 Mad, enraptured, unrepressed;—
 Then in agony of pity
 I would die upon his breast.

LOVE NOT.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay;
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow'rs—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away,
 When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.
 Love not, love not.

Love not, love not: the thing you love may die—
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not.

Love not, love not: the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not, love not.

Love not, love not: oh! warning vainly said,
In present years, as in the years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head;
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.

Love not, love not.





PASTORAL AND RURAL SONGS.

UNDER the title of Pastoral and Rural Songs may be included some of the most beautiful specimens of our early poetical literature. Vast quantities of these songs, once popular among the English people, anterior to the reign of Elizabeth, have perished altogether. Many of them in all probability were never committed to the custody of print and paper, and escaped with the breath of the wandering minstrels who composed and sang them. Others, again, at a somewhat later period, fared but little better at the hands of Time. "The ancient songs of the people," says D'Israeli the elder, "perished by having been printed in single sheets, and by their humble purchasers having no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. Those we now have consist of a succeeding race of ballads." The pastoral love-songs, which we owe chiefly to the writers of the age of the

Stuarts, include few compositions so beautiful as Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to his Love," and Sir Walter Raleigh's "Reply." The shepherds of that race of lyrists were, with few exceptions, merely stage shepherds in the usual theatrical costume, and the shepherdesses were "ladies of quality," dressed up for the occasion. Even Shakspeare himself, who touched or borrowed nothing that he did not improve, could make little of this kind of composition. It was not true to nature; and yet it continued in that decline of literary taste which began, in the reign of Charles the Second, to have charms for writers, readers, and singers.

Such ditties as the following had far more vitality than merit:—

"By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 'Be so kind, O ye nymphs,' I oft heard her say,
 'Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
 And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
 Yet bring me the swain, let me die in his arms,
 Oh! Strephon's the cause of my mourning.'"

At last, according to the most popular of all the pastorals, the nymph died, and Strephon came by:—

"Her eyes were scarce closed when her Strephon came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
 But finding her breathless, 'Oh, heavens!' he did cry,
 'Ah, Chloris! the cause of my mourning.'"

Ultimately, Strephon himself, smitten with remorse, fell down by her side, and died:—

"On her cold snowy breast he lean'd down his head,
 And expired, the poor Strephon, with mourning."

The satire of Pope, and the verses of the Lady of Quality, (which we have previously quoted in our remarks prefacing the "Songs of the Affections") did not produce much effect in putting a stop to this affectation, and the age persisted in looking with favour upon pastoral love songs, in which all lovers were represented as shepherds and shepherdesses, billing and cooing amid their sheep, by the side of purling brooks. Corydon wept among

his flocks because Chloe or Phoebe was cruel, and Chloe called upon echo to repeat the name of Corydon—the falsest of shepherds and of men. The pastoral mania lasted for a considerable time; and traces of it are to be found in the popular songs of the last half of the eighteenth and the commencement of the present century, when it finally went out, much to the gratification of all lovers of true poetry.

The rural songs, that make no attempt at describing the loves and sorrows of Strephon and the Amyntas, and the other masquerading shepherds are of a higher class than these. The pleasures and enjoyments of a country life have always been, and always will be, themes for song; and descriptions of natural scenery, intermingled with those sentiments and feelings which they naturally prompt—gaiety to the gay, and sadness to the sad—will ever inspire the true lyrist. The songs of a succeeding age, like those which charmed our forefathers and which charm ourselves, must draw largely from this source; and the banishment of wine as a subject of lyric eulogy, and of paganism as a subject of illustration for modern thought and feeling, will increase the number of those purer compositions, which the present age has begun to insist upon, and which the next will insist upon more strongly.





THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, born 15—, died 1593.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, and hills and fields,
The woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered o'er with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, born 1552, died 1618.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every Shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could Youth last, could Love still breed
Had Joy no date, had Age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

NICHOLAS BRETON, born 1555, died 16—.

ON a hill there grows a flower,
 Fair befall the dainty sweet!
 By that flower, there is a bower
 Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
 Fringed all about with gold,
 Where doth sit the fairest fair,
 That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
 She that is the shepherd's joy,
 She that Venus did despise,
 And did blind her little boy.

Who would not that face admire?
 Who would not this saint adore?
 Who would not this sight desire?
 Though he thought to see no more.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
 Look upon thy love-sick swain;
 By thy comfort have been seen,
 Dead men brought to life again.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

In the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 With a troop of damsels playing
 Forth—I went—forsooth a maying,

When anon by a wood side,
 Where as May was in his pride
 I espied all alone,
 Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot;
 He would love and she would not.
 She said, never man was true;
 He says, none was false to you.

He said, he had loved her long :
 She says, love should have no wrong.
 Corydon would kiss her then :
 She says, maids must kiss no men.

Till they do for good and all—
 When she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth,
 Never loved a truer youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth ;
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse ;

Love, that had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
 And Phillida with garlands gay
 Was made the lady of the May.

This song, as we learn from "Percy's Relics," was sung before Queen Elizabeth at Elvetham in Hampshire, as she opened the casement of her gallery window in the morning, by "three excellent musitians, disguised in auncient country attire." The following version of the song is given in England's Helicon :—

In the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
 When as May was in his pride :
 There I espied all alone,
 Phillida and Corydon.
 Much ado there was, God wot,
 He would love and she would not.
 She said never man was true,
 He said, none was false to you,
 He said he had lov'd her long,
 She said, love should have no wrong.
 Coridon would kiss her then,
 She said, maids must kiss no men,
 Till they did for good and all :
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth :
 Never lov'd a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse.
 Love which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.
 And Phillida with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.—N. BRETON.

YE LITTLE BIRDS THAT SIT AND SING.

From THOMAS HEYWOOD's "Fairy Maide of the Exchange," 1615.

YE little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady vallies,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys ;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower,
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower,
Ah me ! methinks, I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden.
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony,
And sing I am her lover ;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her ;
And she that hath the sweetest voice.
Tell her I will not change my choice ;
Yet still methinks I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.

O fly, make haste, see, see she falls
Into a pretty slumber ;
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder.
Sing to her 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love by you and you,
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

WHAT PLEASURE HAVE GREAT PRINCES.

From BYRD'S "Songs and Sonnets of Sadness and Pietie," 1588.

WHAT pleasure have great princes,
More dainty to their choice,
Than herdmen wild, who careless,
In quiet life rejoice,
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in summer morning?

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel and wait,
On favourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest,
More quiet than he who sendeth
His ship into the east;
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading
They 'steem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law,
Where conscience judgeth plainly;
They spend no money vainly.

Oh, happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold,
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold,
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is, and quiet.

WELCOME, WELCOME, DO I SING.

WILLIAM BROWNE, born 1590, died 1645.

From a MS. copy of his poems in the Landsdowne collection.

WELCOME, welcome, do I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring,
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love that to the voice is near,
Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
'Tis a fool, if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields,
Never, never, shall be missing.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

Love, that question would anew,
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, &c.

We are indebted to Browne for having preserved in his "Shepherd's Pipe," a curious poem by Occleve. Mr. Warton conceives his works to "have been well known to Milton," and refers to "Britannia's Pastorals" for the assemblage of circumstances in a morning landscape as were brought together more than thirty years afterwards by Milton in a passage of *L'Allegro*, which has been supposed to serve as the repository of imagery on that subject for all succeeding poets.—ELLIS.

INVITATION TO MAY.

From THOMAS MORLEY'S Ballads, 1595.

Now is the month of maying
When merry lads are playing,

Fa, la, la.

Each with his bonny lass,
Upon the greeny grass,

Fa, la, la.

The spring clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at winter's sadness,

Fa, la, la.

And to the bagpipe's sound,
The nymphs tread out their ground,

Fa, la, la.

Fye then! why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing?

Fa, la, la.

Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play at barley-break?¹

Fa, la, la.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

JAMES SHIRLEY, born 1596, died 1666.

WOODMEN, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan's great holiday;

Throw off cares,

With your heaven-aspiring airs

Help us to sing,

While valleys with your echoes ring.

Nymphs that dwell within these groves,
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,

Gather posies,

Crown your golden hair with roses,

As you pass,

Foot like fairies on the grass.

Joy crowns our bowers! Philomel
 Leave off Tereus' rape to tell :
 Let trees dance,
 As they at Thracian lyre did once :
 Mountains play,
 This is the shepherd's holiday.

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMAN'S LIFE.

JOHN CHALKHILL. From Walton's Angler, 1653.

OH! the sweet contentment
 The countryman doth find.
 High trolлие, lollie, lol, high trolлие, lee.
 That quiet contemplation
 Possesseth all my mind,
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
 As hath too oft been try'd ;
 High trolлие, lollie, lol, high trolлие, lee.
 The city full of wantonness,
 And both are full of pride ;
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

But oh! the honest countryman
 Speaks truly from his heart,
 High trolлие, lollie, lol, high trolлие, lee.
 His pride is in his tillage,
 His horses, and his cart ;
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
 Grey russet for our wives ;
 High trolлие, lollie, lol, high trolлие, lee.
 'Tis warmth, and not gay clothing,
 That doth prolong our lives ;
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
 Yet on the holy day,
 High trolлие, lollie, lol, high trolлие, lee.
 No emperor so merrily
 Does pass his time away ;
 Then, care away, and wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage
The heavens afford us showers,
High trolollie, lollie, lol, high trolollie, lee.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers;
Then, care away, and wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
High trolollie, lollie, lol, high trolollie, lee.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring;
Then, care away, and wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
High, trolollie, lollie, lol, high trolollie, lee.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so, lies;
Then, care away, and wend along with me.

AMINTOR'S WELL-A-DAY.

DR. R. HUGHES: from Lawes's third book of Ayres, 1653.

CHLORIS now thou art fled away,
Amintor's sheep are gone astray,
And all the joy he took to see
His pretty lambs run after thee;
Is gone, is gone, and he away,
Sings nothing now but—Well-a-day!

His oaten pipe, that in thy praise
Was wont to sing such roundelays,
Is thrown away, and not a swain,
Dares pipe, or sing within his plain;
'Tis death for any now to say,
One word to him but—Well-a-day!

The May-pole where thy little feet
 So roundly did in measures meet,
 Is broken down, and no content
 Comes near Amintor, since you went.

All that I ever heard him say,
 Was Chloris, Chloris—Well-a-day!

Upon these banks you us'd to thread,
 He ever since hath laid his head,
 And whisper'd there such pining woe,
 As not a blade of grass will grow;
 O Chloris, Chloris, come away,
 And hear Amintor's—Well-a-day!

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

NICHOLAS ROWE, born 1673, died 1718.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head:
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining, he cried;
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had died:
 She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listen'd and cry'd when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town:
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain for my fortune to fly,
'Twas her's to be false and to change,—
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew
And when she looks down on my grave
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talked of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

AS I WALKED FORTH ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

From PLAYFORD's "Airs and Dialogues," 1676.

As I walk'd forth one summer's day,
To view the meadows green and gay,
A cool-retreating bower I spied,
That flourished near the river's side;
Where oft in tears a maid would cry,
Did ever maiden love as I?

Then o'er the grassy fields she'd walk,
And nipping flowers low by the stalk,
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The deadman's thumb, and barebell blue;
And as she pull'd them, still cried she,
Alas, none ever lov'd like me!

Such flowers as gave the sweetest scent
She bound about with knotty bent;
And as she bound them up in bands,
She sigh'd, and wept, and wrung her hands;
Alas! alas! still sobbed she,
Alas! none ever lov'd like me!

When she had fill'd her apron full,
Of all the flowers that she could cull,
The tender leaves serv'd for a bed,
The scented flowers to rest her head;
Then down she laid, nor sigh'd nor spake,
With love her gentle heart did break.



THE SUN WAS SUNK BENEATH THE HILL.

Anonymous—but often attributed to JOHN GAY.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were pent within the fold,
When from the silence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,
From the bare rock oozy beach ;
Who, from each barren weed that grows,
Expects the grape or blushing peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of Love in woman kind

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain ;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
For I, alas ! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what treasure can suffice ?
Yet India's shore shall never boast
The living lustre in thine eyes ;
For these the world too cheap would prove ;
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

Then Sylvia ! since nor gems, nor ore,
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Consider that I offer more
Than glittering gems—a soul sincere ;
Let riches meaner beauties move,
Who pays thy worth must pay in love !

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

CHARLES HAMILTON, (LORD BINNING), died 1732—3.

DID ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore—
Was ever broken heart so true?
My eyes are swelled with tears; but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny called did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bade me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she asked was quickly done:
I always thought on her, but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her!

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two:
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my fold's in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan;
Oh, how those hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung, I'll ne'er forget the pain!
Sweet were the combs, as sweet could be;
But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her corn I carried to the mill,
My back did bear her sacks but she
Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best;
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least;
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she
 Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
 And Nanny still on Robin frown?
 Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron string.

DAME DURDEN.

Anonymous. Date uncertain.

DAME Durden kept five serving girls,
 To carry the milking pail;
 She also kept five labouring men
 To use the spade and flail.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy Draggletail,
 And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly,
 And Dick kiss'd Betty,
 And Joe kiss'd Dolly,
 And Jack kiss'd Katty,
 And Dorothy Draggletail,
 And Humphrey with his flail,

And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
 She did begin to call:
 To rouse her servants, maids and men,
 She then began to bawl.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy Draggletail,
 And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
 The birds began to prate,
 Dame Durden's servants, maids and men,
 They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy Draggletail,
And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly,
And Dick kiss'd Betty,
And Joe kiss'd Dolly,
And Jack kiss'd Katty,
And Dorothy Draggletail,
And Humphrey with his flail,

And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking pail.



THE CHOICE OF A RURAL WIFE.

Anonymous; about 1740.

WOULD you choose a wife for a happy life,
Leave the court, and the country take;
Where Susan and Doll, and Nancy and Moll,
Follow Harry and John, whilst harvest goes on,
And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the London dames, be it spoke to their shames,
 To lie in their beds till noon;
 Then get up and stretch, then paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch, then look to their watch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea, both green and bohea,
 Is serv'd to their tables in plate;
 Where their tattles do run, as swift as the sun,
 Of what they have won, and who is undone,
 By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here, though brown as my beer,
 That knows how to govern her house;
 That can milk her cow, or farrow her sow,
 Make butter or cheese, or gather green peas,
 And values fine clothes not a sous.

This, this is the girl, worth rubies and pearl;
 This is the wife that will make a man rich:
 We gentlemen need no quality breed,
 To squander away what taxes would pay;
 In troth, we care for none such.

JOHNNY AND JENNY.

EDWARD MOORE, born 1712, died 1757.

HE.

LET rakes for pleasure range the town,
 Or misers dote on golden guineas;
 Let plenty smile or fortune frown,
 The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let wanton maids indulge desire;
 How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is!
 The joys of virtue never tire,
 And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH.

Together let us sport and play,
 And live in pleasure where no sin is;
 The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
 And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.



HE.

Let roving swains young hearts invade—
The pleasure ends in shame and folly :
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor believing simple Molly.

SHE.

So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry,
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry.

BOTH.

Together still we'll sport and play
And live in pleasure where no sin is ;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
 And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies,
 Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
 And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
 The constant heart is always bonny;
 Content, and peace, and sweet delight,
 And love, shall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH.

Together still we'll sport and play,
 And live in pleasure where no sin is;
 The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
 And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass
 More bright than May-day morn,
 Whose charms all other maids surpass—
 A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
 Has won my right good-will;
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
 Sweet lass of Richmond Hill

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
 And wanton thro' the grove,
 Oh! whisper to my charming fair,
 I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be
 Who calls this nymph his own!
 Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.

Mr. Upton who wrote the above song—his Christian name has not descended to posterity—wrote many others for the convivial entertainments at Vauxhall Gardens towards the close of the last century. This song was long popularly ascribed to the Prince of Wales.



THE FARMER'S SON.

From the "Myrtle and the Vine, or Complete Vocal Library," 1800.

Good people give attention, while I do sing in praise
Of the happy situation we were in, in former days;
When my father kept a farm, and my mother milked her cow,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

When my mother she was knitting, my sister she would spin,
And by their good industry they kept us neat and clean;
I rose up in the morning, with my father went to plough,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

My brother gave assistance in tending of the sheep,
When tired with our labour, how contented we could sleep;
Then early in the morning we again set out to plough,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

Then to market with the fleece, when the little herd were shorn,
And our neighbours we supplied with a quantity of corn,
For half-a-crown a bushel we would sell it then I vow,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

I never knew at that time, go search the country round,
That butter ever sold for more than fourpence per pound,
And a quart of new milk for a penny, from the cow,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.



How merry would the farmers then sing along the road,
When wheat was sold at market for five pounds a load;
They'd drop into an ale-house, and drink "God speed" the plough,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

A blessing to the squire, for he gave us great content,
And well he entertained us, when my father paid his rent,
With flagons of good ale he'd drink, "Farmer, speed the plough,"
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

At length the squire died, Sir, O bless his ancient pate !
 Another fill'd with pride, came as heir to the estate,
 He took my father's farm away, and others too, I vow,
 Which brought us to the wretched state that we are in now.

May Providence befriend us, and raise some honest heart,
 The poor for to disburden, who long have felt the smart;
 To take the larger farms, and divide them into ten,
 That we may live as happy now as we did then.

THE SUFFOLK YEOMAN'S SONG.

J. HUGHES.

Good neighbours, since you've knock'd me down,
 I'll sing you a song of songs the crown ;
 For it shall be to the fair renown

Of a race that yields to no man :
 When order first on earth began,
 Each king was then a husbandman ;
 He honour'd the plough,
 And the barley-mow,
 Maintained his court from off his farm,
 And kept all round him tight and warm,
 Like a right down Suffolk yeoman.

The plough was then a nation's boast,
 And the pride of those who rul'd the roast ;
 And so felt one well worth a host—

A brave and a noble Roman.
 Some here may call to mind his name,
 But the thing is true, and it's all the same
 In war and debate
 He sav'd the state,
 He made the haughty foe to bow,
 And when all was done, went back to plough,
 Like a home-bred Suffolk yeoman.

Said Horace, "I'm grown sick of court,
 And Cæsar's crack champagne and port ;
 To sing and pun for great folks sport
 Is the life of a raree showman ;

I long, 'mid all the fun of Rome,
To see how my farm goes on at home."
 Now his parts were renown'd
 The world around,
But he stuck to his turnips, wheat, and hops,
And yet trust me if he grew such crops
 As a thriving Suffolk yeoman.

Good freeholders, and stout were they
Who form'd our warlike realm's array,
When Europe trembled many a day
 At the name of an English bowman;
The arm that drew the gallant bow
Could pitch on the rick and barley-mow;
 They lov'd the tough yew,
 And the spot where it grew,
For that was near our good old church;
"And we'll never leave her in the lurch,"
 Says my loyal Suffolk yeoman.

When George the Third adorn'd our throne,
His manly ways were just our own;
Then Britons stood in arms alone,
 And defied each foreign foeman.
The good old king, he fear'd his God,
But he fear'd no man on earth who trod;
 He lov'd his farm,
 And he found a charm
In every useful sterling art,
And he wore the home-spun coat and heart
 Of a manly Suffolk yeoman.

Since then the brave, the wise, and great,
Have been plain folks of our estate,
We claim a pride of ancient date,
 A pride that will injure no man;
Though Scotch philosophers and Jews
Would starve us out, and our name abuse,
 We'll stand by the king,
 The church, and each thing
That our loyal fathers honour'd most;
And such shall be the pride and boast
 Of a manly Suffolk yeoman.

A WISH.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter near her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring,
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

ELIZA COOK.

THE sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of the isle!
The soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains the while;
But we will hang the ploughshare up within our fathers' halls,
And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals.
We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-famed barley-corn,
To wreath with bursting wheat-ears that outshine the saffron morn,
We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of Old England, and the sturdy peasant band!

The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly told,
We see it in the teeming barns, and fields of waving gold:
Its metal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there:
God speed it well; and let it thrive unshackled everywhere.
The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather dust;
But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.
Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile land,
The ploughshare of Old England, and the sturdy peasant band!



CONVIVIAL SONGS.

THE Bacchanalian and Convivial Songs of the English people are not of a high order of merit. The most elegant of them are translations, or paraphrases, of the Odes of Anacreon, the only author who has eminently succeeded in wreathing the flowers of fancy around the drinking-cup, or in rendering even tolerable, to the taste of a refined and civilized people, the praises of intoxication. But in borrowing from Anacreon, the

English song-writers, with the exception of Thomas Moore, who added new graces even to Anacreon, too often forgot, or were unable to borrow his elegance and wit. The result is, that the greater portion of English drinking-songs would be more appropriate to the worship of Silenus than of Bacchus. "Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne," as depicted by Shakspeare, has been the divinity of song-writers, not one of whom seems to have had any idea of the intellectual Dionysus of the Greeks. Bacchus has been degraded by the moderns into a kind of superhuman Falstaff—a sensual monster—abusing the gifts of heaven instead of using them.

Some of the early drinking-songs are valuable for preserving traits of national manners, which might otherwise have been lost. Bishop Still's song of "Good Ale" is one of this class; and a few others are entitled to the same praise. But in the age succeeding that of Elizabeth—when the simple and the natural in poetry of all kinds began to decay—the convivial songs, like those in celebration of the passion of love, partook largely of the mythological character; and for more than two centuries, the vulgarized Bacchus, who sits astride upon a barrel on public-house signs, was the deity of toppers, and presided over their feasts. The "Muses" and the "Graces" were appealed to, to lend their aid; and "Care," an impersonation unknown to the ancients, was evermore called upon to let herself be drowned in the bowl. It was not till near the end of the eighteenth century that the song-worship of Bacchus began to decline; and when mythology went out of fashion in love songs, it was to a great extent driven from the drinking-songs also. Baron Dawson, the author of a lyric, entitled "Squire Jones," published in the seventeenth century, though among the first to ridicule the constant mythological allusions of the versifiers, fell into the same fault himself when he spoke of drinking:

"Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook,
Though all ye get by't
Is a dinner oft times,
In reward for your rhymes;
With Humphrey the Duke,

Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo;
 Forsake all the muses—those senseless old crones,
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crowned with good claret and bumpers, Squire Jones!"

But the complaint which we feel bound to reiterate against the vulgarity of tone, and the unworthiness of the sentiments in our convivial songs is not a new one. "There is nothing," says Hugh Kelly, in the "Babbler," (No. 30), quoted in the introduction to the Rev. H. Plumptre's Collection of songs (1805), "at which I am more offended than the unpardonable vein of ignorance and brutality so generally introduced in our drinking-songs; nor any, thing in my opinion, which throws a greater reflection upon the understanding of a sensible society. If we examine the principal number of these pretty compositions, we shall find that absolute intoxication is recommended as the highest felicity in the world, and receive the most positive assurances of being upon an equality with angels, the very moment we sink ourselves into a situation considerably lower than men.

"It has been justly observed, that every nation, in proportion as it is civilized, has abolished intemperance in wine, and consequently must be barbarous in proportion as it is addicted to excess. The remark, I am rather apprehensive, will be found no very great compliment to the people of this kingdom. We are apt to place good fellowship in riot, and have but too natural a promptitude in imagining that the happiness of an evening is promoted by an extravagant circulation of the glass; hence are our songs of festivity (as I have already taken notice) fraught with continual encomiums on the pleasures of intoxication, and the whole tribe of bacchanalian lyrics perpetually telling us how wonderfully sensible it is to destroy our senses, and how nothing can be more rational in a human creature than to drink till he has not left himself a single glimmer of reason at all.

"But if, abstracted from the brutal intention of our drinking-songs in general, we should come to consider their merit as literary performances, how very few of them should we find worth a station on a cobbler's stall, or deserving the attention of an auditory at

Billingsgate! the best are but so many strings of unmeaning puns, and ill-managed conceits, and betray not more the ignorance of their encouragers, than the barrenness of their authors. Let me only ask the warmest advocate for this species of composition what, upon a cool reflection he thinks of the following song:—

‘By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass,
By the hollow cask we’re told
How the waning night grows old;
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Calls us from our sports away.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care ’twas made for you.’

“The foregoing little song, though one of the least offensive in the whole round of a *bon vivant* collection, has neither thought nor expression to recommend it, and can, when sung, be termed no more than an agreeable piece of impertinence, calculated to supply a want of understanding in the company. I forbear to mention ‘The Big-bellied Bottle,’ and a variety of similar productions, which are universally known, and deserve to be universally despised.”

The most notable attempt to reform the character of English drinking-songs was made by the Captain Morris, already mentioned, a gentleman whose good voice, pleasing manners, and readiness to sing for the amusement of the brilliant society in which he moved, made him a great favourite. Although he did not banish Bacchus altogether from his effusions, he strove to impart a more modern and natural, as well as more gentlemanly tone, to the drinking lyrics which he wrote and sang; but his compositions of this class possessed no other merit. They were deficient in strength, originality, and wit, and were quite worthy, in most respects, of being attributed to “the Lady of Quality”—if that eminent “Myth” could be supposed to have so far forgotten herself as to have written for the mess-table—

“Come sip thy glass, my rosy lass,
’Twill prove a bless’d infusion,
’Twill witch thy sight with wild delight,
And brighten Love’s illusion.

'Twill round thee ope a world of Hope,
A heaven of sweet emotion,
Then let's not blight the sure delight
For want of true devotion.'

If such stanzas as these were more decorous, they were certainly not so vigorous, or by any means so appropriate to their purpose as the roystering ditties which they were intended to supersede, and it was not until Richard Brinsley Sheridan first, and Thomas Moore afterwards, lent their genius to celebrate the glories of the wine-cup, that poetry was in any way concerned in the drinking-songs of the English nation. An exception must be made in favour of some of the Sea Songs of the Dibdins, in which the daring conviviality of the English sailor is admirably represented. The taste for bacchanalian songs, like the practice of bacchanalian excess, has long been on the decline. If an apology be necessary for presenting the reader with so many compositions of this class, it must be found in the fact that a collection of English songs would be incomplete without them—and that as illustrative not only of the history of manners, but of the history of literature, it was necessary to include a few specimens of them.





GOOD ALE.

By JOHN STILL, Bishop of Bath and Wells, born 1542, died 1607.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure, I think that I can drink
 With any that wears a hood.
 Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a cold,
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 Much bread I don't desire.
 No frost, no snow, no wind I trow
 Can hurt me if I wold,
 I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
 Whether it be new or old.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she, till you may see
 The tears run down her cheek;
 Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
 Even as a maltworm should,
 And saith "Sweetheart, I take my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old."
 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to;
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
 Or have them lustily troul'd,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

The Comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in which this song appears, was first acted in 1566, but not printed until 1575. "It is believed to have been," says Mr. Ellis, in his "Specimens of Ancient English Poetry," "the earliest English drama that exhibited any approaches to regular comedy."

COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE.

From "Antony and Cleopatra," by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne,
 In thy vats our cares be drowned,
 With thy grapes our hairs be crowned
 Cup us till the world go round.

THE THIRSTY EARTH.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain
 And thirsts, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.

The sea itself (which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink)
 Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.

They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night:
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses here; for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why!

Freely translated from Anacreon.

THE LEATHER BOTTLE.

From "The Antidote to Melancholy," 1682.

'TWAS GOD above that made all things,
 The heaven's; the earth, and all therein;
 The ships that on the sea do swim,
 To guard from foes, that none come in;
 And let them all do what they can,
 'Tis but for one end—the use of man.
 So I wish in Heav'n his soul may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottèl.

Now what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why on the ground his liquor doth lay:
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen all had been well.
So I wish in Heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine;
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I wish in Heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these black-pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill:
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish in Heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine;
For when a lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
So I wish in Heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottèl.

A leather bottèl we know is good
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,
For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottel standing by,
Will raise his spirits, whenever he's dry.
So I wish in Heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

At noon the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottels of ale nut-brown;
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottel full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottel?
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.



There's never a Lord, an Earl, or Knight,
But in this bottel doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottel of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottel of beer will oft do him good.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

And when the bottel at last grows old,
 And will good liquor no longer hold,
 Out of the side you may make a clout,
 To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
 Or take and hang it up on a pin,
 'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
 So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
 That first found out the leather bottel.

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull Care, I prythee begone from me,
 Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree;
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill;
 But i'faith, dull Care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man gray;
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it still the wisest thing
 To drive dull Care away.

This popular ditty is as old as the year 1687, when it first appeared in "Playford's Musical Companion."

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

Temp. Queen Anne. Anonymous.

HERE's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace,
 To faction an end, to wealth increase;
 Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death.
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found,
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman-hating crew,
 And they that woman's health deny,
 Down among the dead men let them lie.

In making Bacchus' joy, I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul;
 Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,
 And their united pleasures reign,
 While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
 We'll sing the joys that both afford;
 And they that wont with us comply,
 Down among the dead men let them lie.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

Anonymous. From a half sheet song, with the music, printed about the year 1710.

How stands the glass around?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys!
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound!
 The trumpets sound:
 The colours flying are, my boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound:
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fare, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys!
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose business 'tis to die?
 What sighing? fie!
 Shun fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
 'Tis he, you, or I.
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 (I mean not to upbraid you, boys)
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain;
 But should we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cures all again.

This is commonly called General Wolfe's song, and is said to have been sung by him on the night before the battle of Quebec.

COME NOW ALL YE SOCIAL POWERS.

Altered and enlarged from the Finale of BICKERSTAFFE'S "School of Fathers."

COME now all ye social powers,
 Shed your influence o'er us;
 Crown with joy the present hours,
 Enliven those before us:
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us;
 Sport and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of generous passion;
 Nor will we ever bow before
 Those idols, Wealth and Fashion.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
 Whilst on earth we moulder?
 Rich or poor, or grave or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship! oh, thy smile's divine!
 Bright in all its features;
 What but friendship, love, and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Since the time will pass away
 Spite of all our sorrow,
 Let's be blithe and gay to-day,
 And never mind to-morrow.
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us;
 Sport and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

WHEN I DRAIN THE ROSY BOWL.

From the works of Anacreon, Sappho, &c., translated by the Rev. Francis Fawkes
 8vo. London: 1761.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates the soul;
 To the Nine I raise my song
 Ever fair, and ever young.
 When full cups my cares expel,
 Sober counsel, then farewell!
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bowers,
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine;
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 (Richest fragrance flowing round)
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.
 When from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay

BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my cup.
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline;
 Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
 Though repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

Yet this difference we may see,
 'Twixt the life of man and thee:
 Thou art for this life alone,
 Man seeks another when 'tis gone;
 And though allow'd its joys to share,
 'Tis virtue here, hopes pleasure there.

The old sheet copies of this ballad say, "Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale." The gentleman is stated on some authorities to have been Vincent Bourne, and the date of the production 1744. It was set to music as a duet for two voices by Dr. Greene. The last verse in the above copy was added by the Rev. J. Plumtre. The song is also attributed to Oldys, the antiquary.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

HENRY CAREY.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old Port let me sit the night long;
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal tho' ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

WHAT IS WAR AND ALL ITS JOYS?

THOMAS CHATTERTON, born 1752, died 1770.

WHAT is war and all its joys?
Useless mischief, empty noise;
What are arms and trophies won?
Spangles, glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,
Happiness is only thine.

What is love without the bowl?
'Tis a languor of the soul;
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine,
Happiness is only thine.

A POT OF PORTER, HO!

From the "Myrtle and the Vine," or Complete Vocal Library, vol. ii. A.D. 1800.

WHEN to Old England I come home,
Fal lal, fal lal la!
What joy to see the tankard foam.
Fal lal, fal lal la!
When treading London's well-known ground,
If e'er I feel my spirits tire,
I haul my sail, look up around,
In search of *Whitbread's best entire*.
I spy the name of *Calvert*,
Of *Curtis, Cox, and Co.*
I give a cheer and bawl for't,
"A pot of porter, ho!"
When to Old England I come home,
What joy to see the tankard foam!
With heart so light, and frolic high,
I drink it off to Liberty!
Where wine or water can be found,
Fal lal, fal lal la!
I've travell'd far the world around,
Fal lal, fal lal la!

Again I hope before I die,
 Of England's can the taste to try;
 For, many a league I'd go about,
 To take a draught of *Gifford's* stout:
 I spy the name of *Trueman*,
 Of *Maddox, Meux, and Co.*
 The sight makes me a new man,
 "A pot of porter, ho!"
 When to Old England I come home,
 What joy to see the tankard foam!
 With heart so light, and frolic high,
 I drink it off to liberty!

ENGLISH ALE.

From the "Myrtle and the Vine."

D'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,
 And in different countries I've been,
 If I lie may I go for a tailor!
 But a thousand fine sights I have seen:
 I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,
 And I've guzzled more drink than a whale,
 But the very best stuff to my palate,
 Is a glass of your English good ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
 And ladies may talk of their tea;
 But I envy them none of their potions,
 A glass of good stingo for me!
 The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
 But my recipe never will fail,
 For the physic that cures all diseases,
 Is a bumper of good English ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
 Why there I had plenty of grog,
 And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion
 It set one's good spirits agog;
 But since upon land I've been steering,
 Experience has altered my tale,
 For nothing on earth is so cheering
 As a bumper of English good ale.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

R. B. SHERIDAN. From the Comedy of "The School for Scandal."

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, sir:
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry:
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together:
Let the toast pass, &c.

THIS BOTTLE'S THE SUN OF OUR TABLE.

R. B. SHERIDAN. From the Comic Opera of "The Duenna."

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll soon grow bright
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

THE BROWN JUG.

From the Opera of the "Poor Soldier," by J. O'KEEFFE. The song itself is attributed to the REV. FRANCIS FAWKES.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale
 (Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
 In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced, as in dog-days he sat at his ease
 In his flow'r-woven harbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And Time into clay had resolved it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
 Now, sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

THE WINDS WHISTLE COLD.

From the Opera of "Guy Mannering." DANIEL TERRY, born 1780, died 1828.

THE winds whistle cold,
 And the stars glimmer red,
 The flocks are in fold,
 And the cattle in shed.
 When the hoar frost was chill
 Upon moorland and hill,
 And was fringing the forest bough,
 Our fathers would troul
 The bonny brown bowl,
 And so will we do now,
 Jolly hearts!
 And so will we do now.

Gaffer Winter may seize
 Upon milk in the pail;
 'Twill be long ere he freeze
 The bold brandy and ale;
 For our fathers so bold,
 They laugh'd at the cold,
 When Boreas was bending his brow;
 For they quaff'd mighty ale,
 And they told a blythe tale,
 And so will we do now,
 Jolly hearts!
 And so will we do now.

A GLASS IS GOOD.

From the Farce of the "Rival Soldiers."

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe is good in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.
 A bottle is a very good thing,
 With a good deal of wine in it;
 A song is good, when a body can sing,
 And to finish, we must begin it.
 For a glass is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe is good in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.

A friend is good when you're out of good luck,
 For that is the time to try him;
 For a justice, good, the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you'll buy him;
 A fine old woman is good when she's dead;
 A rogue very good, for good hanging;
 A fool is good, by the nose to be led,
 And my song deserves a good banging.
 For a glass is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe is good in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good fellows together.

MAY WE NE’ER WANT A FRIEND, NOR A BOTTLE TO GIVE HIM.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

SINCE the first dawn of reason that beam’d on my mind
And taught me how favoured by fortune my lot,
To share that good fortune, I still was inclined,
And impart to who wanted, what I wanted not.
'Tis a maxim entitled to ev’ry one’s praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
And my motto, tho’ simple, means more than it says,
“May we ne’er want a friend, or a bottle to give him.”

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
Or by poverty bow’d, tho’ of evils the least,
The smiles of a friend may invite to content,
And we all know content is an excellent feast;
'Tis a maxim entitled to ev’ry one’s praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
And my motto, tho’ simple, means more than it says,
“May we ne’er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him.”

A BUMPER OF GOOD LIQUOR.

From the “Humming Bird.” Canterbury, 1785.

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar:
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass:
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow
That’s crabbed when he’s mellow.

A bumper, &c

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

LORD BYRON.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink! who would not? since, through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply,
I have basked in the beam of a dark rolling eye,
I have loved! who has not? but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth—when the heart's in its spring
And dreams that affection can never take wing—
I had friends! who has not? but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam, thou never canst change;
Thou grow'st old, who does not? but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet, if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! who's not? thou hast no such alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

When the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find, do we not? in the flow of the soul,
That truth as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left, was she not? but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own,
We must die! who must not? May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

BARRY CORNWALL.

SING!—Who sings
 To her who weareth a hundred rings?
 Ah! who is this lady fine?
 The Vine, boys, the Vine!
 The mother of mighty Wine.
 A roamer is she
 O'er wall and tree,
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
 To her who blusheth and never thinks?
 Ah! who is this maid of thine?
 The Grape, boys, the Grape!
 O, never let her escape
 Until she be turned to Wine!
 For better is she
 Than Vine can be,
 And very, very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
 Of the God that governs a thousand streams?
 Ah! who is this Spirit fine?
 'Tis Wine, boys, 'tis Wine!
 God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
 O, better is he
 Than Grape or tree,
 And the best of all good company.

A SONG AFTER A TOAST.

C. MACKAY. From "Legends of the Isles," 1845.

If he, to whom this toast we drink,
 Has brought the needy to his door;
 Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink
 From the abundance of his store;
 If he has sooth'd the mourner's woe,
 Or help'd young merit into fame,
 This night our cups shall overflow
 In honour of his name.

If he be poor, and yet has striven
 To ease the load of human care;
 If to the famish'd he has given
 One loaf that it was hard to share;
 If, in his poverty erect,
 He never did a deed of shame,
 Fill high! we'll drain in deep respect
 A bumper to his name.

But rich or poor, if still his plan
 Has been to play an honest part;
 If he ne'er failed his word to man,
 Or broke a trusting woman's heart;
 If emulation fire his soul
 To snatch the meed of virtuous fame;
 Fill high! we'll drain a flowing bowl
 In honour of his name.

THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.

CHARLES MACKAY.

AROUND the board the guests were met,
 The lights above them beaming,
 And in their cups, replenish'd oft,
 The ruddy wine was streaming;
 Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright,
 Their hearts with pleasure bounded,
 The song was sung, the toast was given,
 And loud the revel sounded.

I drained a goblet with the rest,
 And cried, "Away with sorrow!
 Let us be happy for to-day—
 What care we for the morrow?"
 But as I spoke, my sight grew dim,
 And slumber deep came o'er me,
 And 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues,
 This vision passed before me.

Methought I saw a demon rise:

He held a mighty bicker,
Whose burnished sides ran brimming o'er
With floods of burning liquor,
Around him pressed a clamorous crowd,
To taste this liquor greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad,
The suffering and the needy;

All those oppress'd by grief or debt,
The dissolute, the lazy,
Blear-eyed old men and reckless youths,
And palsied women crazy;
"Give, give!" they cried, "give, give us drink,
To drown all thought of sorrow;
If we are happy for to-day,
We care not for to-morrow!

The first drop warmed their shivering skins,
And drove away their sadness;
The second lit their sunken eyes,
And filled their souls with gladness;
The third drop made them shout and roar,
And play each furious antic;
The fourth drop boiled their very blood;
And the fifth drop drove them frantic:—

"Drink!" said the demon, "drink your fill!
Drink of these waters mellow!
They'll make your eye-balls sear and dull,
And turn your white skins yellow;
They'll fill your homes with care and grief,
And clothe your backs with tatters;
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts;
But never mind—what matters?

Though virtue sink, and reason fail,
And social ties dis sever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need,
And find you homes for ever;
For I have built three mansions high,
Three strong and goodly houses,
To lodge at last each jolly soul,
Who all his life carouses.

The first it is a spacious house,
To all but sots appalling,
Where, by the parish bounty fed,
Vile, in the sunshine crawling,
The worn-out drunkard ends his days,
And eats the dole of others,
A plague and burthen to himself,
An eye-sore to his brothers.

The second is a lazar house,
Rank, fetid, and unholy;
Where, smitten by diseases foul,
And hopeless melancholy,
The victims of potations deep
Pine on a couch of sadness,
Some calling death to end their pain,
And others wrought to madness;

The third and last is black and high,
The abode of guilt and anguish,
And full of dungeons deep and fast,
Where death-doomed felons languish;
So drain the cup and drain again,
One of my goodly houses,
Shall lodge at last each jolly soul
Who to the dregs carouses!"

But well he knew—that demon old—
How vain was all his preaching,
The ragged crew that round him flocked
Were heedless of his teaching;
Even as they heard his fearful words,
They cried, with shouts of laughter,
"Out on the fool who mars to-day
With thoughts of an hereafter!

We care not for thy houses three;
We live but for the present;
And merry will we make it yet
And quaff our bumpers pleasant."
Loud laughed the fiend to hear them speak,
And lifting high his bicker,
"Body and soul are mine," said he;
"I'll have them both for liquor"



MORAL AND SATIRICAL SONGS.

AMONG all nations in which poetry has been cultivated, song writers have ever found abundance of exercise in their vocation in adapting to music the expression of moral sentiment, or in making the satire of manners more agreeable, more popular, and more permanently useful, by the union of poetry and music. Some of the most beautiful songs in the English language belong to this class, and there has been no song-writer worthy of the name who has not occasionally forsaken the amatory, convivial, or patriotic departments of his art—long erroneously considered by false critics to be the only legitimate spheres of song—to praise virtue, to condemn vice, to hold folly up to ridicule, and to depict the good or ill manners of society. The songs of this description are exceedingly numerous, and are of every degree of merit and demerit, ranging from the broadest comedy to the seriousness of the sermon, and even of the hymn. The vanity of human life; the instability of greatness; the charms of friend-

ship; the pleasures of temperance; the blessings of a contented mind; the consolations of old age, and a thousand similar topics, are true sources of inspiration for the lyrist; while subjects of more public interest—the growth or decay of national virtue, and the condition, hopes, aspirations, and fears of the people in general, or of large and important sections of them, afford in like manner abundant opportunities for the moral or satirical song writer. “Poets,” as Mr. Emerson finely and truly says, “should be lawgivers: that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide or insult, but should commence and lead the civil code and the days work.”

It was in reference to this class of songs that Fletcher, of Saltoun, uttered the famous dictum—not his own—on the importance of song-writing. In his “Account of a conversation concerning the right regulation of Governments for the common good of mankind,” he complains that “the poorer sort of both sexes are daily tempted to all manner of wickedness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets. I knew,” he adds, “a very wise man that believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic poet.” The extension of education and the triumphs of the printing press have rendered the labours of the moral and satirical song writers of less value than in the time of the ancient legislators, or than in those times, comparatively recent, when Fletcher of Saltoun wrote; but even in our day, a false error may be propped up by a song, and a great truth advanced by the same agency. So that the dictum still retains a portion of its ancient value.

The moral and satirical songs are here included together; for if satire be not moral it is an abuse; and the lessons of morality have often a better chance of being effective, if sharpened by judicious satire. There are vast numbers of political songs and ballads of this class, which have been produced from the days of the civil wars to our own, which would alone fill many interesting volumes—valuable for the light they would throw upon the contemporary history of the period at which they

were issued, or for their description of costume or of manners. Some of the best and more permanently pleasing of the ancient compositions of this class are here selected, together with a few of the modern songs, which have become popular.



WOMEN ARE BEST WHEN THEY ARE AT REST.

Anonymous.—Originally printed in 1559-60.

WOMEN are best when they are at rest ;

But when is that, I pray ?

By their good will they are never still,

By night and eke by day.

If the weather is bad, all day they gad,

They heed not wind or rain ;

And all their gay gear they ruin or near :

For why—they not refrain.

Then must they chat of this and that ;

Their tongues also must walk ;

Wheresoever they go, they must alway do so,

And of their bad husbands talk.

When cometh the night, it is never right,

But ever somewhat wrong ;

If husbands be weary, they are so merry,

They never cease one song.

Then can they chide, while at their side,

Their husbands strive to sleep ;

“ Why, how you snore ! go lie on the floor.”

Such is the coil they keep.

So women are best when they are at rest,

If you can catch them still ;

Cross them, they chide, and are worse, I have tried,

If you grant them their will.

Give them their way, they still say, nay,

And change their mind with a trice ;

Let them alone, or you will own

That mine was good advice.

THE CUCKOO'S SONG.

Anonymous. Originally printed in 1566.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the beechen tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the morn,
When of married men
Full nine in ten
Must be content to wear the horn.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the oaken tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the day,
For married men
But now and then
Can 'scape to bear the horn away.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the ashen tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the noon,
When married men
Must watch the hen,
Or some strange fox will steal her soon.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the alder tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! alack the eve,
When married men
Must bid good den
To such as horns to them do give.

Full merrily sings the cuckoo
Upon the aspen tree;
Your wives you well should look to,
If you take advice of me.

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! alack the night
 When married men
 Again and again
 Must hide their horns in their despite.

The reader will notice the resemblance between this song and the following by Shakespeare—"When Daisies Pied," &c. Probably Shakespeare was indebted to the anonymous author for the idea.

WHEN DAISIES PIED.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight:
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men for thus sings he : -
 Cuckoo !
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks ;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws ;
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks.
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men for thus sings he :—
 Cuckoo !
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

THE CHARACTER OF A MARRIED LIFE.

SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple thought your honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice hath ever understood;
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend:
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of land
 And having nothing, yet hath all.



THE CONTENTED MAN'S SONG.

From HUGH COMPTON'S "Pierides; or the Muses' Mount."

I HAVE no riches, neither know
 I where the mines of silver grow;
 The golden age I cannot find
 Yet there is plenty in my mind;
 'Tis wealth I crave, 'tis wealth that I require,
 Yet there's no wealth to fill my vain desire,
 Nor hopes thereof to still my craving lyre.

What shall I do in such a case?
 I am accounted mean and base:
 Both friends and strangers frown on me,
 'Cause I am gall'd with poverty.
 Well, let them frown; yet I will not lament
 Nor value them; though fortune has not lent
 To me her blessing, yet I am content.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The devil take her!

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

JAMES SHIRLEY, born 1594, died 1666.

THE glories of our birth and state

Are shadows, not substantial things.

There is no armour against fate:

Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Sceptre, and crown,

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill;

But their strong nerves at last must yield—

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds:
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb:
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

WHEN THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

Anonymous. A.D. 1666.

From a black-letter copy among the Roxburgh Songs and Ballads.

WHEN this old cap was new—
 'T is since two hundred year—
 No malice then we knew,
 But all things plenty were:
 All friendship now decays,
 (Believe me, this is true)
 Which was not in those days,
 When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then
 To have at their command
 A crew of lusty men;
 Which by their coats were known,
 Of tawny, red, or blue,
 With crests on their sleeves shown,
 When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our lands reproach,
 When he whose means are small
 Maintains both horse and coach;
 Instead of an hundred men,
 The coach allows but two;
 This was not thought on then,
 When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
 Was cherish'd then of many;
 Now poor men starve and die,
 And are not help'd by any,
 For charity waxeth cold,
 And love is found in few;
 This was not in time of old,
 When this old cap was new.



Where'er you travell'd then,
 You might meet on the way
 Brave knights and gentlemen,
 Clad in their country grey,
 That courteous would appear,
 And kindly welcome you;
 No puritans then were,
 When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days,
 In civil habit went;
 Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
 And gave the best content:
 French fashions then were scorn'd,
 Fond fangles then none knew;
 Then modesty women adorn'd
 When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small;
The neighbours friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black-jacks to every man
Were filled with wine and beer;
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted not brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None, under the degree of knight,
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for shew,
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldier's pay.
They were not so abused,
As they are at this day;
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best;
Our English then, in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue;
And forced them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious King,
 And send him long to live!
 Lord! mischief on them bring;
 That will not their alms give,
 But seek to rob the poor
 Of that which is their due:
 This was not in time of yore,
 When this old cap was new.



TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED.

From "Two Broad-sides against Tobacco," 1672.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
 Though green at noon, cut down at night,
 Shows thy decay;
 All flesh is hay:
 Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The pipe so lily-like and weak,
 Does thus thy mortal state bespeak:
 Thou art e'en such,—
 Gone with a touch.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
 Then thou behold'st the vanity
 Of worldly stuff,
 Gone with a puff.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
 Think on thy soul defiled with sin ;
 For then the fire
 It does require.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And see'st the ashes cast away :
 Then to thyself thou mayest say,
 That to the dust
 Return thou must.
 Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The foregoing is a slightly-altered version of a song which was first printed in 1672, in "Two Broad-sides against Tobacco." The author is unknown. The following is the original copy:—

THE Indian weed withered quite,
 Green at noon, cut down at night,
 Shows thy decay,—
 All flesh is hay :
 Thus think, then drink tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white,
 Shows thee to be a mortal wight,
 And even such,
 Gone with a touch :
 Thus think, then drink tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
 Think thou behold'st the vanity
 Of worldly stuff,
 Gone with a puff :
 Thus think, then drink tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
 Think on thy soul defiled with sin ;
 And then the fire
 It doth require :
 Thus think, then drink tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
 May serve to put thee still in mind,
 That unto dust,
 Return thou must,
 Thus think, then drink tobacco.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high churchman I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
Although the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, sir,
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
 And so became a whig, sir;
 And thus preferment I procured,
 From our new faith's defender;
 And almost every day abjured
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
 And Protestant Succession;
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession :
 For in my faith and loyalty;
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be—
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law, &c.

"The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire," says D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," "was a Papist, under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth. He was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turn-coat, and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied: "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray." "Pendleton, the celebrated Vicar of Bray," says another statement, which has recently gone the round of the newspapers, "subsequently became rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It is related that in the reign of Edward VI., Lawrence Sanders, the martyr, an honest but mild and timorous man, stated to Pendleton his fears that he had not strength of mind to endure the persecution of the times, and was answered by Pendleton that "*he would see every drop of his fat and the last morsel of his flesh consumed to ashes, ere he would swerve from the faith then established.*" He, however, changed with the times, saved his fat and his flesh, and became rector of St. Stephen's, whilst the mild and diffident Sanders was burnt in Smithfield."

In a note in Nichols' *Select Poems*, 1782, vol. viii., p. 234, it is stated that *The song of the Vicar of Bray* "is said to have been written by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment, in the reign of King George the First. It is founded on an historical fact; and though it reflects no great honour on the hero of the poem, is humourously expressive of the complexion of the times, in the successive reigns from Charles the Second to George the First."

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Brome, to Mr. Rawlins, dated June 14, 1735:—
 " * * * I have had a long chase after the Vicar of Bray on whom the proverb. Mr. Hearne though born in that neighbourhood, and should have mentioned it, (Leland, *Itinerary*, vol. v. p. 114), knew not who he was, but in his *last letter* desired me if I found him out to let him know it. Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies*, and Mr. Ray from him, takes no notice of him in his *Proverbs*. I suppose neither knew his name. But I am informed it is SIMON ALLEYN or ALLEN, who was Vicar of Bray about 1540, and died 1588, so was Vicar of Bray near 50 years. You now partake of the sport that has cost me some pains to take"—*Letters from the Bodleian*, vol. ii. part 1, p. 100.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, born A.D. 1728.

SINCE wedlock 's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
 To all bachelors, greeting, these lines are premis'd.
 I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find
 (I wish not for fortune) a man to my mind?

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace;
 Not the squire, that can wake to no joys but the chase;
 Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind;
 Neither this—that—nor t' other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, that topos world without end;
 Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;
 Not the fool that 's too fond, nor the churl that 's unkind;
 Neither this—that—nor t' other's the man to my mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
 Not the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
 Not the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind;
 Neither this—that—nor t' other's the man to my mind.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may conspire,
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour combin'd;
 This—this—and no other 's the man to my mind.

This Author's Poems were printed in 1771, and dedicated to David Garrick. He was the Manager of the Newcastle Theatre, and an actor of some repute. The exact year of his death is unknown, but it was prior to 1780.

FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.

HARRY CAREY, died 1748.

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
 For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay;
 When pride without measure,
 And pomp without pleasure,
 Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retired from the noise of the town,
 I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown;
 My friends shall be few,
 But well chosen and true,
 And sweet recreation our evenings shall crown.

 With a rural repast (a rich banquet for me),
 On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
 The river's clear brink
 Shall afford me my drink,
 And temperance my friendly physician shall be.

Harry Carey was the Author of a great number of Songs; among others, of "Sally in our Alley"—one of the most popular ever written, but a composition of no merit; vulgar, and without a single sentiment to account for the favour with which it was received. Its popularity caused several imitations of it to be published, and Carey himself was among the first to set the example.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a good old song,
 Made by a good old pate,
 Of a fine old English gentleman,
 Who had an old estate;
 And who kept up his old mansion
 At a bountiful old rate;
 With a good old porter to relieve
 The old poor at his gate.
 Like a fine old English gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

 His hall, so old, was hung around
 With pikes, and guns, and bows,
 And swords, and good old bucklers,
 That had stood against old foes;
 'Twas there "his worship" held his state,
 In doublet and trunk hose;
 And quaff'd his cup of good old sack,
 To warm his good old nose.
Like a fine, &c.

 When Winter's cold brought frost and snow,
 He open'd house to all;
 And though threescore and ten his years,
 He fleetly led the ball;

Nor was the houseless wanderer,
 E'er driven from his hall;
 For, while he feasted all the great,
 He ne'er forgot the small.

Like a fine, &c.

But time, tho' sweet, is strong in flight,
 And years roll swiftly by;
 And Autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd
 The old man—he must die!
 He laid him down right tranquilly,
 Gave up life's latest sigh;
 And mournful stillness reign'd around.
 And tears bedewed each eye,

For this good, &c.

Now surely this is better far
 Than all the new parade
 Of Theatres and Fancy Balls,
 "At Home," and Masquerade:
 And much more economical,
 For all his bills were paid.
 Then leave your new vagaries quite,
 And take up the old trade
 Of a finè old English gentleman, &c.

"The excellent song of the Old and Young Courtier," on which this is closely modelled, is, says Percy, in his *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*, "from an ancient black letter copy in the Pepys Collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous poems and songs, in a book entitled 'The Prince d'Amour, 1660.'"

FAIR ROSALIND.

From "The Convivial Songster," 1782.

FAIR Rosalind in woeful wise,
 Six hearts has bound in thrall,
 As yet she undetermined lies
 Which she her spouse shall call.
 Wretched, and only wretched he
 To whom that lot shall fall!
 For if her heart aright I see,
 She means to please them all!

SIR MARMADUKE.

GEORGE COLMAN "the younger," born 1762, died 1836.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight ;

Good man ! old man !

He's painted standing bolt upright,

With his hose roll'd over his knee ;

His perriwig 's as white as chalk !

And on his fist he holds a hawk,

And he looks like the head

Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide ;

Good man ! old man !

His spaniels lay by the fire-side ;—

And in other parts, d'ye see

Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,

A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats ;

And he look'd like the head

Of an ancient family.

He never turn'd the poor from the gate ;

Good man ! old man !

But was always ready to break the pate

Of his country's enemy.

What knight could do a better thing,

Than serve the poor, and fight for his king ?

And so may every head

Of an ancient family.

From the play of the "Iron Chest," founded upon Godwin's novel of "Caleb Williams."

CONTENT AND A PIPE.

CONTENTED I sit with my pint and my pipe,

Puffing sorrow and care far away,

And surely the brow of grief nothing can wipe

Like smoking and moist'ning our clay ;

For, though liquor can banish man's reason afar,

'Tis only a fool or a sot,

Who with reason or sense would be ever at war,

And don't know when enough he has got

For, though at my simile many may joke,

Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

Yes, a man and a pipe are much nearer akin
 Than has as yet been understood,
 For, until with breath they are both fill'd within,
 Pray tell me for what are they good?
 They, one and the other, composed are of clay,
 And, if rightly I tell nature's plan,
 Take but the breath from them both quite away,
 The pipe dies—and so does the man:
 For, though at my simile many may joke,
 Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

Thus I'm told by my pipe that to die is man's lot,
 And, sooner or later, die he must;
 For when to the end of life's journey he's got,
 Like a pipe that's smoked out—he is dust:
 So you, who would wish in your hearts to be gay.
 Encourage not strife, care, or sorrow,
 Make much of your pipe of tobacco to-day,
 For you may be smoked out to-morrow:
 For, though at my simile many may joke,
 Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

WHAT IS'T TO US WHO GUIDES THE STATE?

From the "Convivial Songster," 1782.

WHAT is't to us who guides the state?
 Who's out of favour, or who's great?
 Who are the ministers or spies?
 Who votes for places, or who buys?

The world will still be ruled by knaves,
 And fools contending to be slaves.
 Small things, my friend, serve to support
 Life—troublesome at best, and short.

Our youth runs out, occasion flies,
 Grey hairs come on, and pleasure dies;
 Who would the present blessing lose
 For empire which he cannot use?

Kind Providence has us supplied
 With what to others is denied;
 Virtue, which teaches to condemn
 And scorn ill actions and ill men.

Beneath this lime-tree's fragrant shade,
 On beds of flowers supinely laid,
 Let's then, all other cares remove,
 And drink and sing to those we love.

Mass. Abe Lincoln
 ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Anonymous. From the "Whim of the Day"—a Collection of Songs for 1800.

THERE ne'er was a name so handed by fame,
 Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
 As one that is wrote upon every bank note,
 And you all must know Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland! *Mass. Abe Lincoln*

Notified Abraham Newland!

I have heard people say, sham Abraham you may,
 But you must not sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts should you seek foreign parts,
 It matters not wherever you land,
 Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak,
 That's the language of Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Wonderful Abraham Newland!

Tho' with compliments' cramm'd, you may die and be d—d,
 If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world is inclin'd to think Justice is blind,
 Lawyers know very well they can view land;
 But, lord, what of what? she'll blink like a bat,
 At the sight of an Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Magical Abraham Newland!

Tho' Justice 'tis known can see through a millstone,
 She can't see through Abraham Newland.

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
 Kind souls! here like mushrooms they strew land,
 Tho' loud as a drum, each proves orator mum,
 If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Invincible Abraham Newland!

No argument's found in the world half so sound
 As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but sure they are humming;
 I know what they want if they do land;
 We'll make their ears ring in defence of our King,
 Our country, and Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Darling Abraham Newland!

No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
 Shall e'er rob us of Abraham Newland.

Mr. Abraham Newland was cashier at the Bank of England towards the close of the last century.

THE GUINEA.

From the "Whim of the Day" for 1801.

MASTER Abraham Newland's a monstrous good man,
 But when you've said of him whatever you can,
 Why all his soft paper would look very blue,
 If it warn't for the yellow boys—pray what think you?

With Newland's own letters of credit proceed,
 Pray what would you do where the people can't read?
 But the worst of all dunces, we know very well,
 Only show them a guinea, I warrant they'll spell.

Then your lawyers, and doctors, and such sort of folks,
 Who with fees and such fun, you know, never stand jokes,
 In defence of my argument try the whole rote,
 Sure they'll all take a guinea before a pound note.

The French would destroy all our credit and trade,
 If they were not unable, asham'd, or afraid.
 They may talk of our King, but let who will be victor,
 They'd be dev'lish glad to get hold of his picture.

From a picture like this we true Britons can't part,
 While the glorious original reigns in our heart;
 Besides, with such tars as our navy can boast,
 And our king and his picture, we must rule the roast.

'T WAS MERRY IN THE HALL.

Our ancient English melodies
 Are banish'd out of doors,
 And nothing's heard in modern days,
 But Signoras and Signors.
 Such airs I hate
 Like a pig in a gate,
 Give me the good old strain,
 When 'twas merry in the hall,
 The beards wagg'd all,
 We shall never see the like again!

On beds of down our dandies lay,
 And waste the cheerful morn,
 While our squires of old would raise the day,
 With the sound of the bugle horn;
 And their wives took care
 The feast to prepare,
 For when they left the plain,
 Oh! 'twas merry in the hall,
 The beards wagg'd all,
 We shall never see the like again!

'Twas then the Christmas tale was told
 Of goblin, ghost, or fairy,
 And they cheer'd the hearts of the tenants old
 With a cup of good canary.
 And they each took a smack
 Of the cold black-jack,

Till the fire burn'd in each brain ;
 Oh ! 'twas merry in the hall,
 The beards wagg'd all,
 May we soon see the like again !

In the second part of Henry IV., Act v. Scene 3, occur these lines :—

Be merry—be merry—my wife as all,
 For women are shrews, both short and tall,
 'Tis merry in hall when Beards wag all
 And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Mr. Warton in his "History of English Poetry" observes that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called the "Life of Alexander"—

Merry swithe it is in halle,
 When the beards waveth alle.

In the "Briefe Concepts of English Pollicye," by William Stafford, 1581, it is asserted that it is a common proverb, "'Tis merry in hall when Beards wag all." In the "Serving Man's Comfort, 1598," occurs the passage "which done, grace said and the table taken up, a song is sung, the under-song, or holding whereof, is 'It is merry in haull, where beards wag all.'" The song as now given is modern, and was introduced to the public by Mr. Murray, of the Edinburgh Theatre, who sang it in the character of Sir Mark Chase, in "A Roland for an Oliver."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
 We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledg'd stronger ;
 The proper impulse has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger ;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp ;—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help,
To make his right arm stronger ;
The happier he, the more he has ;—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Little children shall not toil,
Under, or above, the soil,
In the good time coming ;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
And every one shall read and write ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use, and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger ;
 The reformation has begun ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger ;
 'Twill be strong enough one day ;—
Wait a little longer.

These verses—for it is doubtful whether they can strictly be called a song—appeared originally in the second number of the “Daily News,” as one of the series entitled “Voices from the Crowd.”

KING DEATH.

BARRY CORNWALL. From “English Songs,” 1834.

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow—
 He sat where no sun could shine,
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,
 And pour'd out his coal black wine.
 Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
 And widows with grief o'erladen,
 For a draught of his coal black wine.
 Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
 The poet his fancied woes,
 And the beauty her bloom returning,
 Like life to the fading rose.
 Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
 Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
 And he gave them his hand so yellow,
 And pledged them in Death's black wine.
 Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

CHARLES MACKAY. From "Legends of the Isles and other Poems," 1845.

WHEN at the social board you sit,
 And pass around the wine,
 Remember, though abuse is vile,
 That use may be divine:
 That Heaven in kindness gave the grape
 To cheer both great and small—
 That little fools will drink too much,
 But great ones not at all.

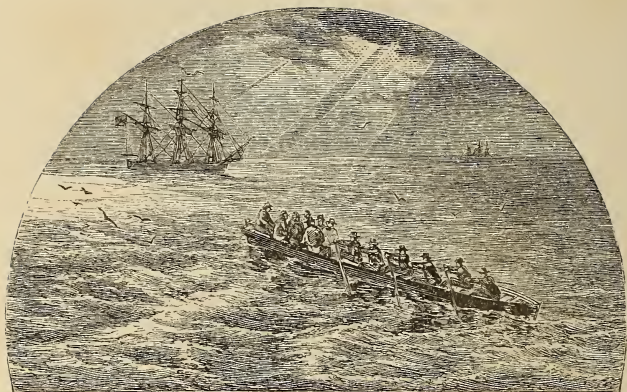
And when in youth's too fleeting hours
 You roam the earth alone,
 And have not sought some loving heart,
 That you may make your own:
 Remember woman's priceless worth,
 And think, when pleasures pall—
 That little fools will love too much,
 But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
 Absolve poor human kind,
 Nor rail against your fellow men
 With malice in your mind;
 But in your daily intercourse,
 Remember, lest you fall—
 That little fools confide too much,
 But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be truthful still,
And in the deepest care,
Be bold and resolute, and shun,
The coward foe—Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand,
And know, whate'er befall—
That little fools will hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame;
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer:
So shall your bliss not pall,—
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.





SEA SONGS.

IT has often been asserted that England possessed neither national songs nor a national music ; but this, like many other assertions which have long held their ground in the opinions of those who, without thinking for themselves, are content to take their guidance from others, has no foundation in fact. That England possesses a music of her own, no one, who has studied the subject and remembers the compositions of Bull, Lawes, Arne, Purcell, and Shield, as well as the older melodies that float on the popular breath, and the newer compositions of the last and the present age, can doubt. That England possesses a multitude of songs which are national in the best sense of the word, every one who has read the Sea Songs of the two Dibdins, of Thomas Campbell, and of many other inferior writers, will strenuously maintain. The Sea Songs of Thomas Campbell are among the finest lyrical compositions in the English or any other language, and those of Charles Dibdin—although written in a less elevated tone —came fresh from, and appealed as freshly to the popular heart.

If there be any excess of nationality among Englishmen, it leans towards the naval supremacy and glory of their country; and from the time when Henry the Eighth sent his great fleet to Boulogne harbour till the day when Nelson fell at Trafalgar, the sea and its heroes have been sung amid the constant and hearty applause of the English multitude. Although very excellent sea songs were written before the time of Charles Dibdin, that writer—living in a time when this country was engaged in a struggle, amid which the national safety from invasion depended almost entirely upon her “wooden walls” and her hardy mariners—excelled all his predecessors, and made for himself so wide and enduring a reputation as to be entitled above any other man to the designation of the greatest of English song-writers.

Dibdin’s Sea Songs are intensely and entirely English; they are English in their sound feeling; in their contempt of danger; in their rude gaiety and in their true-heartedness; they are quite as English even in their prejudices, and would not suit the sailors of any other people. Every reader or hearer knows, though he may never have been at sea, though he may not have mixed with sailors, and though he may have received only the old traditionary or stage notions of their character, that the pictures are true, that the feelings are real, and such as no stranger could have invented; just, as sometimes in a portrait we know it to be a likeness, from those little peculiar traits which carry conviction, though at the same time we may never have seen the individual represented. Who can mistake the character of Dibdin’s “Poor Jack?” Who does not feel that he is a genuine Englishman, and a true sailor? and that there is no sailor like him on the face of the ocean, either for his peculiar virtues or his peculiar failings?

Almost equal to “Poor Jack,” though of a different strain, are the songs “Nothing like Grog,” and “The Sailor’s Sheet Anchor,” in which the philosophy of drinking is laid down with a quaintness of humour, and a truthfulness of character, which, however objectionable in a moral point of view, are so real and life-like, that we can almost smell tar and tobacco, and the fumes of rum-and-water, as we read.

Of a similar character, but more original and varied in its illustrations, is the song entitled, “Grieving’s a Folly;” in which

a sailor, after depicting the good and generous qualities of the many messmates with whom he had sailed, and describing the accidents that carried them from the world, winds up each doleful case by a reflection on the uselessness of sorrow, and a call to his listeners to be happy while they may. "Jack at the Windlass" is still better, and is just such homespun satire as the world would expect from a sailor with a keen eye for the ludicrous—with a discrimination enabling him to detect cant and hypocrisy—and with the easy good-nature that would rather laugh at follies, than grieve at them. Dibdin's hero loves his messmates all the more from not being such paragons of virtue as to be a thousand fold better than himself—a touch of nature which every one will recognise. "Lovely Nan," and "The Sailor's Journal," are specimens of another kind,—the genuine affection of a simple heart, expressed in language that looks more truthful and sincere because tinged with the idioms of his profession, and interlarded with sea similes. But every page of Charles Dibdin's excellent songs supplies a new variety; and though every song seems the genuine expression of the sentiment of a British sailor that lived and moved and had his being among us, and not a stage-sailor, made up for show, there is but little repetition of sentiment or imagery. The poet had the greatest of all poetic arts in high perfection—that of thoroughly placing himself in the position of the characters he represented, and losing sight entirely of his own individuality in the portraiture of theirs. Charles Dibdin, though inferior in those lighter graces which charm the drawing-room, is, as a popular song-writer, by far the best our literature has produced. He has succeeded in pleasing the strong point in the national character, and though it is to be hoped for the sake of Great Britain, and of the world, and of the mighty interests of civilization involved in the continuance of peace between all nations, that these stirring songs may never more be needed to incite the courage of our mariners, it is certain that in the peaceful days which we have long enjoyed and which we still hope to enjoy, such sea songs as those of Dibdin will exercise a beneficial influence upon the character of the maritime population. If they now and then speak more warmly in praise of the sensual pleasures of the bottle than is desirable, it must be remem-

bered, in the author's defence, that intemperance at the time at which he wrote was a national vice—in which the noble and the educated indulged to as great an extent as the ignoble and the ignorant—that if common sailors drank, admirals did so likewise, and that both sailors and admirals were no worse than the general society—high and low—of their country. Dibdin, notwithstanding this fault of his age, has the most brilliant merits of his own. His songs invariably instil the sentiments of humanity, generosity, mercy, hospitality, truth, and kindliness of heart, a chivalrous though rough admiration for female virtue and loveliness, and a manly sincerity and independence of character. As Dibdin said of them himself, with honest pride, “His songs have been considered an object of national consequence; they have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battle; and have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline.” A few songs, appealing as strongly and as virtuously to the feelings of other classes of the people, would be a national benefit.





THE MARINER'S SONG.

From the Comedy of "Common Conditions." 1576.

LUSTILY, lustily, lustily let us sail forth,
The wind trim doth serve us, it blows from the north.

All things we have ready and nothing we want
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby;
Victuals and weapons they be nothing scant,
Like worthy mariners ourselves we will try.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

Her flags be new trimmed, set flaunting aloft,
Our ship for swift swimming, oh! she doth excel;
We fear no enemies, we have 'scaped them oft,
Of all ships that swimmeth she beareth the bell.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

And here is a master excelleth in skill,
And our master's mate he is not to seek;
And here is a boatswain will do his good will,
And here is a ship, boy, we never had leak.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

If fortune then fail not, and our next voyage prove,
 We will return merrily, and make good cheer,
 And hold all together as friends link'd in love,
 The cans shall be fill'd with wine, ale, and beer.
 Lustily, lustily, &c.

THE MARINER'S GLEE.

From "Deuteromelia; or, the Second Part of Musick's Melodie," &c., 1609.

WE be three poor mariners,
 Newly come from the seas;
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease.
 Shall we go dance the round, a round,
 Shall we go dance the round;
 And he that is a bully boy,¹
 Come pledge me on the ground.
 We care not for those martial men,
 That do our states disdain;
 But we care for those merchant men,
 That do our states maintain.
 To them we dance this round, a round,
 To them we dance this round;
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on the ground.

¹ A *bully* does not here mean a braggart, but a jolly fellow—one fond of fun and frolic.

"What sayest thou, *bully Bottom*?"—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

This and the preceding song are probably the earliest nautical songs in our language.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

MARTYN PARKER.

YE gentlemen of England,
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy, &c.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war
 With any foreign nation,
 We fear not wound or sear;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 And the stormy winds do blow.
 And the stormy, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade:
 Our merchants will employ us
 To fetch them wealth, we know;
 Then be bold—work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy, &c.

There is a more modern and considerably extended version of this song. The music by Dr. Calcott.

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW ON LAND.

The EARL OF DORSET, born 1637, died 1706.

To all you ladies now on land,
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand,
 How hard it is to write:
 The muses now, and Neptune, too,
 We must implore to write to you.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down in ships at sea.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be ye to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow shall we find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain,
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note,
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote:
 Then think how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were played,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress;
 When we, for hopes of honour, lose
 Our certain happiness:
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

On the 2nd of January, 1665, Mr. Pepys went by appointment to dine with Lord Brouncker, at his house in the Piazza, Covent-garden. He says, "I received much mirth with a ballad I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town; saying Sir William Pen, Sir George Askue, and Sir George Lawson made it."

In 1665, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and was in the battle of June 3, when eighteen Dutch ships were taken, fourteen others were destroyed, and Opdam, the Admiral, who engaged the Duke, was blown up beside him, with all his crew. On the day before the battle, he is said to have composed the celebrated song, "To all you ladies now on land," with equal tranquillity of mind and promptitude of wit. Seldom any splendid story is wholly true. I have heard, from the late Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have had good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon it, and only re-touched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this, whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage.—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

JOHN GAY, born 1688, died 1732.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 "O where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors tell me true,
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below,
 The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

“O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall always true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again ;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They tell thee sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
 No longer she must stay on board,
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head :
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu ! she cried, and waved her lily hand,

HEARTS OF OAK.

DAVID GARRICK, born 1716, died 1779.

COME, cheer up, my lads ! 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something more to this wonderful year :
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Hearts of oak are our ships,
 Gallant tars are our men,
 We always are ready :
 Steady, boys, steady !
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again,

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay ;
 They never see us but they wish us away ;
 If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore ;
 For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes !
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux ;
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea ;
 Her standard is Justice—her watchword, "Be free."
 Then cheer up, my lads ! with one heart let us sing,
 "Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king."

Hearts of oak, &c.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WILLIAM COWPER, born 1731, died 1800.

TOLL for the brave !

The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the Royal George
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea fight is fought ;
 His work of glory done.

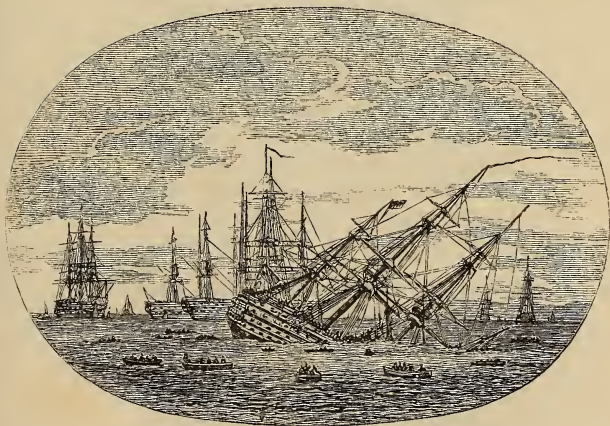
It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.



THE STORM.

GEORGE ALEXANDER SEEVENS, died 1784. (Often attributed to FALCONER the Author of "The Shipwreck.")

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
 List ye landsmen all to me,
 Messmates hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea ;
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsly bawling,
 " By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand !"
 " Down top-gallants quick be hawling,"
 " Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !"
 " Now it freshens, set the braces,
 Quick the top-sail-sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew."

Now all you on down beds sporting
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms :
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fear our minds enthrals ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder.
 Now again the boatswain calls.

" The top-sail yard point to the wind, boys ;
 See all clear to reef each course ;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
 Hands up ! each preventive brace set !
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer ! "

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.

One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us:
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?
 "The fore-mast's gone," cries ev'ry tongue out,
 "O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck;—
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces;
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well—the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold!"

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives and children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return!
 Still the leak is gaining on us!
 Both chain-pumps are choked below:
 Heaven have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now.
 O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
 To the pumps call ev'ry hand, boys,
 See! our mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found it cannot pour fast;
 We've lighted her a foot or more;
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
 She rights! she rights, boys! we're off shore.

Another stanza to this song appears in some collections, but we omit it, as not necessary to the completion of the story, and as quite unworthy of the sentiment which pervades the rest of the piece. According to some versions, the last line should read "She rights! she rights, boys! wear off shore."

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

From the "Convivial Songster," 1782.

COME, bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be;
 Our can is full, we'll see it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
 And a sailing we will go, will go,
 And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing school is taught
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.
And a sailing, &c.

The jockey's called to horse, to horse,
And swiftly rides the race ;
But swifter far we shape our course
When we are giving chase.
And a sailing, &c.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
The pack the huntsmen cheer,
As loud we holloa when we send
A broadside to *Mounseer*.
And a sailing, &c.

With gold and silver streamers fine
The ladies' rigging show ;
But English ships more grandly shine,
When prizes home we tow.
And a sailing, &c.

What's got at sea, we spend on shore
With sweethearts and with wives,
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more ;
Thus sailors pass their lives.
And a sailing they do go, do go ;
And a sailing they do go.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O !

ANDREW CHERRY.

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers ;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak,
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stops the dreadful leak;
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay, till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow,
 Broke through the hazy sky,
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent.
 When Heaven all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent;
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers,
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

THE MID-WATCH.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
 Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again;
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Their hearts to hear
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl, and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you;
 O, when the fight's begun,
 You serving at your gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear
 That her old companion he was one.

POOR JACK.

CHARLES DIEDIN.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
 Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below;
 And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow:
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would cry—
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
 Why, what a damnd fool you must be!
 Can't you see, the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 You never will hear of me more.
 What then? All's a hazard: come, don't be so soft:
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world not offering to flinch
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from a duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life 'tis the king's.
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback;
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board;
 My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love, well stored,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore,
 To be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And surges roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be,
 To think on thee;
 And this shall be my song :
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
 And as the ship rolls on the sea,
 The burthen of my song shall be—
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

TOM BOWLING.

CHARLES DIEDIN.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broached him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty ;
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful, below, he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;
 His friends were many and true-hearted ;
 His Poll was kind and fair :
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly ;
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling :
" A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill ;
Hark ! don't ye hear it roar now ?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now !

" Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in :
Poor creatures how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

" And as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses ;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying

And very often have we heard
 How men are killed and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves, and fires in London.
 We know what risks all landsmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors;
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors!

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

For England when with fav'ring gale
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An abbey-tow'r, the harbour-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark—seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry—
 The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seamen with delight,
 Proclaim—"All's well!"

TRUE COURAGE.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping?

A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;

'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping;

But they that han't pity, why I pities they.

Says the captain, says he (I shall never forget it)

"If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham;

'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it.

But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,

Helter-skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;

Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,

And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive.

But when that he found an old prisoner he'd wounded,

That once saved his life as near drowning he swam,

The lion was tamed, and, with pity confounded,

He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I should rescue from danger,

Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,

Is nothing at all,—'tis the poor wounded stranger,

And the poorer the more I shall succour distress:

For however their duty bold tars may delight in,

And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam,

Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,

He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,

And if both shed their drops 'tis all to the same end;

And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean

Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.

If my maxim's disease, tis 'disease I shall die on,—

You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!

In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,

But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.



LOVELY NAN.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;

Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can:
Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,

When the boatswain pipes the barge to man:
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But, oh! much sweeter than all these
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle, time may rust—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,

Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise:
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
 For serving of a worthless friend,
 And every creature from me ran;
 No ship, performing quarantine,
 Was ever so deserted seen;
 None hail'd me—woman, child, or man:
 But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
 Though cut adrift by all the world,
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To moan their loss who hazard ran;
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love beauty with a spotless heart,
 By manners love to show the man;
 To sail through life by honour's breeze:—
 'Twas all along of loving these
 First made me dote on lovely Nan.



EVERY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET.

I'm a tough true-hearted sailor,
 Careless and all that, d'ye see,
 Never at the times a railer—
 What is time or tide to me?
 All must die when fate shall will it,
 Providence ordains it so;
 Every bullet has its billet,
 Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave yeo,

“Life's at best a sea of trouble,
 He who fears it is a dunce;
 Death to me's an empty bubble,
 I can never die but once.
 Blood, if duty bids, I'll spill it:
 Yet I have a tear for woe;”
 Every bullet has its billet,
 Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave yeo.

Shrouded in a hammock, glory
 Celebrates the falling brave;
 Oh! how many, famed in story,
 Sleep below in ocean's cave.
 Bring the can, boys—let us fill it;
 Shall we shun the fight? O, no!
 Every bullet has its billet,
 Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave yeo.

LIFE'S LIKE A SHIP.

From a small volume of Lyrical Poetry, privately printed at the expense of Mr.
 George Fryer, in 1798.

LIFE's like a ship, in constant motion,
 Sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 Where every one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever wind may blow;
 If unassail'd by squall or show'r,
 Wafted by the gentle gales,
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 While success attends the sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster
 Let us not give way to fear;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn from Reason how to steer:
 Let judgment keep you ever steady;
 'Tis a ballast never fails;
 Should dangers rise, be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion
 While your vessel's under weigh;
 Let good example bear dominion—
 That's a compass will not stray:
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas on the surface rails,
 Let good Discretion guide the rudder,
 And providence attend the sails.

Then when you're safe from danger, riding
 In some welcome port or bay,
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care awhile enslumber'd lay;
 Or, when each can's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails,
 Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our sails.

THE LAND, BOYS, WE LIVE IN.

From the "Myrtle and the Vine," vol. ii.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
 'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing,
 And for that mean to visit our shore;
 It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
 And though 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
 We must try how they'll take it once more,
 So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given—
 Here's England for ever, the land, boys, we live in!
 So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given—
 Here's England for ever, huzza!

Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
 Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,
 We'll on shipboard and join in the fight;
 And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
 Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
 On our country we'll think with delight:
 So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,
 Long, long may our king by his people be greeted;
 Oh! to guard him we'll be of one mind.
 May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
 And continue the blessings they first were intended,
 In union the nation to bind!
 So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

S. J. ARNOLD. (From the Opera of "The Americans.")

RECITATIVE.

O'ER Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
Britannia mourns her hero, now at rest;
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears,

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay;
Each heart was bounding then.
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.

Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home and beauty.
Along the line this signal ran—
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore;
Brave Nelson led the way:
His ship the Victory named;
Long be that Victory famed!
For victory crown'd the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty.
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England shall find that every man
This day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound,
Which shed dismay around,
The hero's breast received:
"Heav'n fights on our side,
The day's our own," he cried;
"Now, long enough I've liv'd.

In honour's cause my life was passed,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty!"
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, born 1777, died 1844.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The Meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return;
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow:
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

Mrs. Ireland, who saw much of Campbell at this time (1799), mentions that it was in the musical evenings at her mother's house, that he appeared to derive the greatest enjoyment. At these soirées his favourite song was "Ye Gentlemen of England," with the music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words for it. Hence this noble and stirring lyric of "Ye Mariners of England," part of which, if not all, he is said to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon, and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch, and sent it home to Mr. Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle."—*Life of Thomas Campbell, by W. Beattie M.D.*

THE ARETHUSA.

PRINCE HOARE, born 1754, died 1834.

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
 While English glory I unfold—
 Huzza to the Arethusa!
 She is a frigate tight and brave,
 As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
 Her men are staunch
 To their fav'rite launch,
 And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 Sooner than strike, we'll all expire,
 On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
 The English Channel to cruise about,
 When four French sail, in shore so about,
 Bore down on the Arethusa.
 The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie—
 The Arethusa seem'd to fly;
 Not a sheet or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack;
 Though the Frenchman laugh'd, and thought it stuff;
 But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France;
 We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa.
 Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, "Ho!"
 The Frenchman then cried out "Hollo!"
 "Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our admiral's lee."
 "No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be;"
 "Then I must lug you along with me,"
 Says the saucy Arethusa.
 The fight was off the Frenchman's land;
 We forced them back upon the strand;
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
 And now we've driv'n the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his fav'rite lass;
 A health to the captains and officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa.

THE ORIGIN OF NAVAL ARTILLERY.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

WHEN Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove
 In Etna's roaring glow,
 Neptune petition'd he might prove
 Their use and power below;
 But finding in the boundless deep
 Their thunders did but idly sleep,
 He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
 To guard from foes her native land.
 Long may she hold the glorious right,
 And when through circling flame
 She darts her thunder in the fight,
 May justice guide her aim!
 And when opposed in future wars,
 Her soldiers brave and gallant tars
 Shall launch her fires from every hand
 On every foe to Britain's land.

THE MINUTE GUN.

R. S. SHARPE.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with gallant crew
And dare the dangerous wave:
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But, oh! what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd!
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell!
Then heard is no more,
By the watch on shore,
The minute gun at sea.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand.
And the prince of all the land,
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd,
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased, and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride,
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;
With the gallant good Riou :¹
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

JOHN O'KEEFFE. Music by Dr. Arnold.

IN May fifteen hundred and eighty and eight,
Cries Philip, " The English I'll humble ;
I've taken it into my Majesty's pate,
And their lion, O, down he shall tumble !
They lords of the sea !"—then his sceptre he shook,—
" I'll prove it an arrant bravado.
By Neptune ! I'll sweep 'em all into a nook,
With the invincible Spanish Armada !"

¹ A captain in the fleet, "justly entitled the gallant and the good" by Lord Nelson.

This fleet then sail'd out, and the winds they did blow,
 Their guns made a terrible clatter ;
 Our noble Queen Bess, 'cause she wanted to know,
 Quill'd her ruff and cried, "Pray, what's the matter?"
 "They say, my good Queen," replied Howard so stout,
 "The Spaniard has drawn his toledo ;
 Cock sure that he'll thump us, and kick us about,
 With th' invincible Spanish Armada."

The Lord Mayor of London, a very wise man,
 What to do in this case vastly wonder'd ;
 Says the Queen, "Send in fifty good ships if you can."
 Says my Lord, "Ma'am, I'll send in a hundred."
 Our fire-ships they soon struck their cannons all dumb,
 For the Dons run to ave and credo.
 Great Medina roars out, "Sure the devil is come,
 For th' invincible Spanish Armada."

On Effingham's squadron, though all in a breast,
 Like open-mouth curs they came bowling :
 His sugar-plums, finding they could not digest,
 Away home they ran yelping and howling.
 Whene'er Britain's foes shall, with envy agog,
 In our Channel make such a bravado—
 Huzza, my brave boys! we're still able to flog
 An invincible Spanish Armada!

THE SEA.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE Sea, the sea, the open sea,
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free :
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round :
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.
 I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
 And whistles aloft its tempest tune:
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the south-west wind doth blow.
 I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the deep sea more and more,
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest—
 And a mother she was and is to me,
 For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As welcom'd to life the ocean child.
 I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change;
 And death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wide unbounded sea!

THE NEGLECTED SAILOR.

EDWARD RUSHTON, of Liverpool, born 1756, died 1814.

I SING the British seaman's praise,
 A theme renown'd in story:
 It well deserves more polish'd lays,
 O 'tis your boast and glory;
 When mad-brained war spreads death around
 By them you are protected,
 But when in peace the nation's found,
 These bulwarks are neglected.
 Then O protect the hardy tar,
 Be mindful of his merit,
 And when again you're plung'd in war,
 He'll show his daring spirit,

When thickest darkness covers all,
 Far on the trackless ocean;
 When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
 And all in wild commotion,
 When o'er the bark the white topt waves,
 With boist'rous sweep, and rolling,
 Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
 Untam'd amidst the howling.
 Then O protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
 He seeks a glowing pleasure,
 He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
 Elated beyond measure;
 Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck,
 Should lifeless trunks appear,
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,
 The sailor knows no fear.
 Then O protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
 Where scorching beams assail him,
 When all the canvass hangs supine,
 And food and water fail him;
 Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
 Where plenty still is reigning,
 They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
 He sighs, but scorns complaining
 Then O protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
 Where death so oft befriends him,
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
 True courage still attends him.
 No time can this eradicate,
 He glories in annoyance;
 He fearless braves the storm of fate,
 And bids grim death defiance.
 Then O protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
 In peace be e'er neglected;
 Behold him move along the pier,
 Pale, meagre, and dejected.

Behold him begging for employ,
 Behold him disregarded;
 Then view the anguish of his eye,
 And say, are tars regarded?
 Then O protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
 In peace then would you starve them?
 What say ye Britain's sons? Oh, no!
 Protect them and preserve them.
 Shield them from poverty and pain,
 'Tis policy to do it;
 Or, when war shall come again,
 O Britons ye may rue it.
 Then O protect, &c.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast.
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O, for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the swelling breeze,
 And white waves heaving high.
 The white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free,—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark, the music, mariners!
 The wind is wakening loud.
 The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free,—
 The hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.



PATRIOTIC AND MILITARY SONGS.

ENGLISH Literature possesses but two Patriotic songs which can be considered pre-eminently National, — the anthems of “God save the Queen,” and “Rule Britannia.” Neither of these, as a poetical composition, is of the highest order of merit, and both of them owe their great popularity

almost entirely to the beautiful music with which their indifferent poetry has been associated. As regards our patriotic songs in general, the English people have so long been accustomed to attribute to the naval service the chief glory and defence of the country, that the sea songs have become with the two great exceptions named, more patriotic in their character than the songs which celebrate the deeds of the military. The Battle of

Waterloo has not produced a song which can be compared with those splendid lyrics, the "Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England." Indeed, it would appear that however popular the "red coats" may be among the ladies of the land, they are not by any means so popular as the "blue" among the poets and the musicians. The dangers and the glories, the hardships and the rewards, the grief and the joy of soldiers, have found echoes comparatively faint in the hearts of the people. Even the patriotic song of "Rule Britannia" included in this series, partakes more of the character of a naval than of a military anthem.

FROM MERCILESS INVADERS.

FROM merciless invaders,
 From wicked men's device,
 O God! arise and help us,
 To quell our enemies:
 Sink deep their potent navies,
 Their strength and courage break,
 O God! arise and save us,
 For Jesus Christ his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma,
 With heathen legions come,
 O God! arise and arm us,
 We'll die for our home;
 We will not change our *credo*,
 For Pope, nor book, nor bell,
 And if the devil come himself,
 We'll hound him back to hell.

"This," says Mr. Chappell, in a note in his collection of National English Airs, "is a sort of hymn, which appears to have been written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, and is here given from a manuscript in the possession of R. Pearsall, Esq., bearing the date of 1588. The mixture of devotion and defiance in the words, forms a curious sample of the spirit of the times."

Mr. Pearsall, the proprietor of the manuscript, in a note communicated to Mr. Chappell, says—"The original MS. came into my possession with some family papers, derived from my father's maternal grandfather, John Still, who was the great grandson of John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells in the time of Elizabeth," (author of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' and the song of 'Jolly Good Ale, and Old.') "He was," adds Mr. Pearsall, "a very distinguished amateur of music; and I feel confident that both the music and the words are the bishop's own composition. The MS. is headed thus:—
 "A hymne to be sung by all Englande;—Women, Youthes, Clarkes, and Souldiers.—
 Made by J. S."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King.

Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On him our hopes we fix,
 God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign.
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the King.

The national song of God Save the King [may it long continue to be sung as now, GOD save the QUEEN—is generally believed to have been composed by Dr. John Bull for King James the First, A.D. 1667. The authorship both of the words and music has long been a matter of dispute, and has excited almost as much controversy as the authorship of the letters of Junius. Mr. Chappell, in the notes to his collection of Old English Airs, states that "about the year 1796, George Saville Carey asserted his father's claim to the authorship of this song, and made a journey to Windsor in the hope of obtaining some pecuniary recompense from the King. His claim was acquiesced in by Archdeacon Coxe, in his anecdotes of J. C. Smith, Handel's amanuensis; and by Mr. S. Jones, in his 'Biographia Dramatica.' It was by no means G. S. Carey's wish, though he claimed the authorship for his father, to prove also that it was first written for King James, as that would have defeated his hopes of reward; and probably his concealment of that fact tended more than any thing else to throw a suspicion upon his statement. It was immediately proved, upon concurrent testimonies, to have been sung 'God save great James, our King,' and from that time we may date the endless discussions and assertions on the subject. Although it is impossible to prove at this distance of time that Harry Carey was actually the author and composer of the National Anthem, yet, there being not a shadow of proof of any other claim, his having the direct and positive attestations of J. C. Smith and Dr. Harrington, coupled with the strong internal evidence in both words and music leave little doubt on the subject. Add to this, that the accounts of Dr. Burney and Dr. Cooke, of its having been sung 'God save great James,' are clearly reconcilable with its being his production; that all attempts to prove a copy before Carey's time have failed; moreover, it is admitted that he sang it in public (announcing it as his own production) five years before the first publication; and his not claiming it when it attained its great popularity in 1745, being explained by his having put an end to his existence three years before, at the advanced age of eighty, and leaving his son an infant."

THE SOLDIER'S GLEE.¹

From "Deuteromelia ; or, the Second Part of Musick's Melodie," &c., 1609.

WE be soldiers three,
 Pardonnez moi je vous en prie;
 Lately come forth of the low country,
 With never a penny of monie.

Here good fellow, I drink to thee!
 Pardonnez moi je vous en prie;
 To all good fellows wherever they be,
 With never a penny of monie.

And he that will not pledge me this,
 Pardonnez moi je vous en prie;
 Pays for the shot whatever it is,
 With never a penny of monie.

Charge it again boy, charge it again,
 Pardonnez moi je vous en prie;
 As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
 With never a penny of monie.

 COME, IF YOU DARE.

JOHN DRYDEN. From the opera of "King Arthur."

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
 Come, if you dare, the foes rebound!
 "We come, we come!"

Says the double beat of the thund'ring drum,
 Now they charge on amain,
 Now they rally again;
 The gods from above the mad labour behold,
 And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
 Their trumpets languish in the sound—
 They fly! they fly!

"Victoria! Victoria!" the bold Britons cry.
 Now the victory's won,
 To the plunder we run;
 Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
 Triumphant with spoils of the vanquished invaders.

The morality of this admired song—admired for its music, not for its poetry—is by no means of the best. Plunder, even of an invader, should form no part of the true soldier's aspirations. "The angels above the mad labour behold" might be suggested as an improvement upon the paganism "The gods from above."

RULE BRITANNIA.

JAMES THOMSON, author of "The Seasons," born 1700, died 1748.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain;
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn, to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all:
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blasts that tear thy skies,
Serve but to root thy native oak:
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to hurl thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe—but thy renown:
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine:
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

This celebrated song was first sung in the "Masque of Alfred," a performance which was the joint production of James Thomson and David Mallet. The Masque was written by command of the Prince of Wales, father of George III., for his entertainment of the Court, and was first performed at Clifden in 1740, on the birthday of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

WILLIAM COLLINS, born 1720, died 1756.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

HENRY FIELDING AND RICHARD LEVERIDGE.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh! the Roast Beef of old England,
And oh! the old English Roast Beef.

But since we have learned from effeminate France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance,
Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong.
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
Oh! the Roast Beef, &c

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
 Ere coffee and tea, and such slip-slops were known
 The world was in terror, if e'en she did frown,
 Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again;
 As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain,
 Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

O then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right!
 But now we're a—hum!—I could, but,—good night!
 Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

The Roast Beef of Old England was first printed in Walsh's "British Miscellany," n.d. (about 1740). It was written and composed by Richard Leveridge, but the two first verses are Fielding's. (See "Don Quixote in England," 1733).

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Anonymous. From an engraved "Music-sheet," printed about 1780.

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules.
 Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
 But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare,
 With a tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
 Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
 But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
 Sing tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British Grenadiers.

Then Jove, the god of thunder, and Mars, the god of war,
 Brave Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
 And all the gods celestial, descending from their sphere,
 Behold with admiration the British Grenadier.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades;
 Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand-grenades,
 We throw them from the glacis, about the Frenchmen's ears,
 With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
 The townsmen cry huzza, boys, here comes a grenadier,
 Here come the grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
 Then sing tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British Grenadiers

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupéd clothes.
 May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
 With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British Grenadiers

THE SOLDIER'S DRINKING-SONG.

From the "Convivial Songster."

LET's drink and sing,
 My brother-soldiers bold,
 To country and to king,
 Like jolly hearts of gold!

If mighty George commands us, we're ready to obey;
 To fight the foe, alert we go, where danger points the way.
 Nor wounds nor slaughter fright us,
 Nor thund'ring cannon-balls;
 Nor beds of down delight us
 Like scaling city walls.

With sword and gun,
 We'll make the foe to fly:
 No Britons dare to run,—
 All Britons dare to die.

And when, at length returning with honour, gold, and scars
 We cheerful come to view the home we left for foreign wars,
 Again we'll meet the danger,
 Again renew the fight,
 And tell the list'ning stranger
 What foes are put to flight.

Then drink and sing,
 My brother-soldiers bold,
 To country and to king,
 Like jolly hearts of gold!

While merry fifes so cheerful our sprightly marches play,
 While drums alarm our bosoms warm, they drive our cares away.
 Content we follow glory,
 Content we seek a name,
 And hope in future story
 To swell our country's fame.

THE BRAVE MEN OF KENT.

TOM D'URFEY.

WHEN Harold was invaded
And, falling, lost his crown,
And Norman William waded
Through gore to pull him down :
When counties round, with fear profound,
To mend their sad condition,
And lands to save, base homage gave,
Bold Kent made no submission.
Sing, sing, in praise of men of Kent,
So loyal, brave, and free :
'Mongst Britain's race if one surpass,
A man of Kent is he.

The hardy stout freeholders,
That knew the tyrant near,
In girdles and on shoulders
A grove of oaks did bear :
Whom when he saw in battle draw,
And thought how he might need 'em,
He turn'd his arms, allow'd their terms
Replete with noble freedom.
Then sing in praise, &c.

And when, by barons wrangling,
Hot faction did increase,
And vile intestine jangling
Had banish'd England's peace,
The men of Kent to battle went,
They fear'd no wild confusion,
But, joined with York, soon did the work,
And made a bless'd conclusion.
Then sing in praise, &c.

The gen'rous, brave, and hearty,
All o'er the shire we find ;
And for the low church party
They're of the brightest kind.

For king and laws they prop the cause
 Which high church has confounded ;
 They love with height the moderate right,
 But hate the crop-ear'd Roundhead.
 Then sing in praise, &c.

The promis'd land of blessing,
 For our forefathers meant,
 Is now in right possessing,
 For Canaan sure was Kent :
 The dome at Knoll, by fame enroll'd
 The church at Canterbury,
 The hops, the beer, the cherries, here,
 May fill a famous story.
 Sing, sing, in praise of men of Kent,
 So loyal, brave, and free :
 'Mongst Britain's race if one surpass,
 A man of Kent is he.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

From the "Humming Bird." Canterbury, 1786.

Augmented still in story,
 Our ancient fame shall rise,
 And Wolfe, in matchless glory,
 Shall soaring reach the skies ;
 Quebec shall own, with great renown,
 And France, with awful wonder,
 His deeds can tell how great he fell,
 Amidst his god-like thunder.
 Then sing in praise of men of Kent,
 All loyal, brave, and free :
 Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
 A man of Kent is he.

And tho' despotic power
 With iron reins may check,
 Our British sons of freedom
 Their parent cause will back :
 With voice and pen they forthwith stand
 Brave Sawbridge soon will tell them,

That virtue's cause and British laws,
 Bold men of Kent won't fail them.
 Then sing in praise of men of Kent,
 All loyal, brave, and free:
 Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
 A man of Kent is he.

When royal George commanded
 Militia to be rais'd,
 The French would sure have landed,
 But for such youths as these;
 Their oxen stall, and cricket ball,
 They left for martial glory,
 The Kentish lads shall win the odds
 Your fathers did before you.
 Then sing in praise of Kent,
 All loyal, brave, and free:
 Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
 A man of Kent is he

A SOLDIER, A SOLDIER FOR ME.

From the "Humming Bird." Canterbury, 1786.

A SOLDIER, a soldier, a soldier for me.
 His arms are so bright,
 And he looks so upright,
 So gallant and gay,
 When he trips it away,

Who is so nice and well powder'd as he.

Sing rub a dub rub; a dub rub a dub; a dub a dub dub dub;—

Thunder and plunder!

A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.

Each morn when we see him upon the parade,
 He cuts such a flash,
 With his gorget and sash,
 And makes such ado,
 With his gaiter and queue,

Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid.

Sing rub a dub, &c.

Or else when he's mounted so trim and so tall,
 With broad sword in hand,
 The whole town to command,
 Such capers, such prances,
 Such ogling, such glances,
 Our hearts gallop off, and are left at Whitehall,
 Sing taran tantaran ;—tantaran tantaran tan—
 Trumpet and thump it,
 A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me!
 A soldier, &c.

HE COMES, HE COMES, THE HERO COMES.

From the "Humming Bird." Canterbury, 1786.

HE comes, he comes, the Hero comes,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,
 From port to port, let cannons roar,
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare;
 Loudly rend the echoing air:
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

A KNAPSACK AND A CHEERFUL HEART.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

WE Soldiers drink, we Soldiers sing,
 We fight our foes, and love our King,
 While all our wealth two words impart,
 A knapsack and a cheerful heart.
 While the merry, merry fife and drum,
 Bid intruding care be dumb,
 Sprightly still we sing and play,
 And make dull life a holiday.

Though we march, or though we halt,
 Or though the enemy we assault,
 Though we're cold, or though we're warm,
 Or though the sleeping town we storm,
 Still the merry, merry fife and drum, &c.

Are lasses kind, or are they shy,
 Or do they pout they know not why?
 While full the knapsack, light the heart,
 Content we meet, content we part.
 For the merry, merry fife and drum, &c.

We sigh not for the toils of state;
 We ask not of the rich nor great;
 For, be we rich, or be we poor,
 Are purses full, or duns at door;—
 Still the merry, merry fife and drum, &c.

Thus we drink, and thus we sing;
 We beat our foes, and love our King,
 While all our wealth two words impart,
 A knapsack and a cheerful heart.
 For the merry, merry fife and drum,
 Bid intruding care be dumb,
 Sprightly still we sing and play,
 And make dull life a holiday.

THE SOLDIER.

W. SMYTH. From AIKIN'S "Vocal Poetry," 1810.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,
 By thinking of the morrow?
 To-day be mine—I leave the rest
 To all the fools of sorrow;
 Give me the mind that mocks at care,
 The heart, its own defender;
 The spirits that are light as air,
 And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
 We meet—'tis to death or glory;
 'Tis victory in all her charms,
 Or fame in Britain's story;
 Dear native land! thy fortunes frown,
 And ruffians would enslave thee;
 Thou land of honour and renown,
 Who would not die to save thee?

'Tis you, 'tis I, that meets the ball;
 And me it better pleases,
 In battle with the brave to fall,
 Than die of cold diseases;
 Than drivel on in elbow-chair
 With saws and tales unheeded,
 A tottering thing of aches and care,
 Nor longer loved nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
 Thine eye with fire is streaming;
 And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
 Health sits in triumph beaming;
 Then, brother soldier, fill the wine,
 Fill high the wine to beauty;
 Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
 Thy country and thy duty.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND

THOMAS DIBDIN.

DADDY NEPTUNE, one day, to Freedom did say,
 If ever I lived upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on would be Little Britain!
 Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own Island!"
 O, it's a snug little Island!
 A right little, tight little Island!
 Search the globe round, none can be found
 So happy as this little Island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he couldn't come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island.

O, what a snug little Island!
They'd all have a touch at the Island!
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live on the Island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, d—n it, I never liked my land.
It would be much more handy, to leave this Normandy,
And live on your beautiful Island.

Says he, "'Tis a snug little Island;
Shan't us go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat;
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been lick'd,
Had they stuck to the King of their Island.
Poor Harold, the king of our Island!
He lost both his life and his Island.
That's all very true: what more could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his Island!

The Spanish armada set out to invade—a,
'Twill sure, if they ever come nigh land.
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing on the Island.
O the poor Queen of the Island!
The Dons came to plunder the Island;
But snug in her hive, the queen was alive,
And "buzz" was the word of the Island.

These proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but they hardly could spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the Island!
Huzza for the lads of the Island!
The good wooden walls of the Island;
Devil or Don, let them come on;
And see how they'd come off the Island!

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept time,
In each saying, "This shall be my land;"
Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island;
We'd give them enough of the Island;
Invaders should just—bite once at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot, that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.
"Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

UPON THE PLAINS OF FLANDERS.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

UPON the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath Old Marlborough;
And still in fields of conquest,
Our valour bright has shone,
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
And Moore and Wellington.

Our plumes have waved in combats,
That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reeled backwards from our shot.
In charges with the bayonet,
We lead our bold compeers;
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For British grenadiers.

Once boldly at Vimiera
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing *fal lira, lira*,
To cheer their drooping hearts.¹
But English, Scotch, and Paddy-whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British grenadiers.

At St. Sebastiano's,
And Badajos's town,
Where, raging like volcanoes
The shell and shot came down,
With courage never wincing,
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory.

¹ At Vimiera the French ranks advanced *singing*; the British only cheered.—Note by Thomas Campbell; quoted in his *Life* by Dr. Beattie.

And what could Buonaparte
With all his curassiers,
In battle do, at Waterloo,
With British grenadiers?
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British grenadiers.

Of the prodigies of British valour performed on this glorious field (Waterloo) Campbell spoke and wrote with enthusiastic admiration; but among the tributary stanzas thus inspired, there was nothing perhaps more characteristic in style and spirit than the foregoing.—*Life of Thomas Campbell, by Dr. Beattie.*





SPORTING SONGS.

S a people, the English are pre-eminently fond of sporting, and have been so from the earliest times ; but this passion has left few enduring traces upon our poetical literature. Somerville's "Chase" is the only sporting poem the language can boast, and it is a poem deserving of more than the niggardly praise which Dr. Johnson has bestowed upon it in his "Lives of the Poets." But beyond this, there is little or nothing to show in our poetry of which sporting literature can justly be proud, unless it be an occasional description in the rhymed romances of Sir Walter Scott.



The roaring choruses of "Hark forward!" or "Tantivy," or "Tantarara," or, worse than all, "Yoicks! Tally-ho!" were doubtless exciting enough at sportsmen's festivals in the bye-gone days; although they do not look well in print, and have no attractions for the mere reader. It requires a good singer, a loud chorus of willing voices, and the contagious enthusiasm of a large company, to render such roistering ballads at all agreeable, or even tolerable, and paper and print invariably rob them of their attractions. Of all such attempts descriptive of the pleasures of field sports, scarcely one has reached mediocrity, whether as regards music, style, or sentiment. They have either called forth the just condemnation of the lover of music, or a smile of derision in the sportsman, from their want of characteristic terms and descriptions, and very often a feeling bordering on disgust in the well-educated man from the coarseness of their expression. It is easy to account for this by the fact that such compositions principally date from a period when the minds and habits of men were as coarse as their compositions; but it is difficult to account for the equally certain fact that no recent attempts have been made to take up the same subject by those capable of producing music and poetry of a higher order.

The Squire Western of the novelist is a character which is no longer the prototype of the sportsman. The follower of the chase in 1700 was coarse in manner and mind, but it was not the chase that made him so. The coarseness was in society generally. For if there were Squire Westerns in those days there were also Commodore Trunnions and Parson Trullabers. The state of the roads rendered a journey from Devonshire or Yorkshire an undertaking of quite as much trouble and necessary preparation as is now a trip by the overland *route* to India. In those days the foxhunter came once in half-a-dozen years, or perhaps once in his life, to see the sights of London; now he goes into the country for a few months to enjoy the chase—he is at the cover side at eleven in the forenoon, and often amid all the refinements of the Opera by eleven at night. The real poetry of field sports yet remains to be written. The only songs we have upon the subject are for the most part the effusions of rude writers, and the homeliest diction seems to have been considered the most appropriate, or at all events the most likely to

please the rough and ready gentlemen who a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago leaped five-bar gates, and lived their lives among hounds and horses. Even Dibdin, so admirable in his sea songs, became coarse when he sang of the sports of the field.

English songs in praise of angling, cricketing, and skating are, as literary compositions, of a much more refined class than the other sporting lyrics.

Mr. Armiger, of Melton Mowbray, who published in 1830 a collection of songs and ballads relating to Racing, Hunting, Coursing, Shooting, Hawking, Angling, and Archery, has selected no less than three hundred lyrics of these various kinds; which number, great as it is, is far from having exhausted the subject; for, with a view of presenting an original compilation, he purposely excluded from it every song to be found in a similar volume, published in 1810, under the title of "Songs of the Chase," containing upwards of 340 songs upon the same topics. The object of his volume was to show the groundlessness of "the complaint frequently made at the festive board of a dearth of sporting songs," an object in which he most undoubtedly succeeded, although his collection might be cited to prove what neither he nor the previous editor intended to show—a dearth of genius in writers of this class. The selection here made includes some of the most ancient sporting songs in the language—valuable on that account if on no other—and also some of the most popular of later compositions.





THE THREE ARCHERS.

We three Archers be,
 Rangers that rove throughout the north country,
 Lovers of ven'son and liberty,
 That value not honours or money.

We three good fellows be,
 That never yet ran from three times three.
 Quarterstaff, broadsword, or bowmanry,
 But give us fair play for our money.

We three merry men be,
 At a lass or a glass under greenwood tree;
 Jocundly chaunting our ancient glee,
 Though we had not a penny of money

This song, of which the editor has not been able to trace the first appearance, is modelled upon the style of, or is a parody upon, "The Soldier's Glee," from the "Deutoromelia."—See "Military and Patriotic Songs."

ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.

From a curious musical miscellany, called "Pamelia," 4to. Lond. 1609. The song, however, is much older than the date of the book, being frequently mentioned by Elizabethan writers.

Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow,
 Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow;
 For I must now a hunting with my ladye go,
 With my sweet ladye go

And whither will thy ladye go?
 Sweet Wilkin tell it unto me;
 And thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke my bow,
 To wait on thy ladye.



My lady will to Uppingham,¹
 To Uppingham, forsooth, will she
 And I myself appointed for to be the man,
 To wait on my ladye.

¹ A market town in Rutlandshire.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all beshrewd,
 Thy hunting nothing pleaseth me;
 But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad,
 For ang'ring of thy ladye.

My hounds shall be led in the line,
 So well I can assure it thee;
 Unless by view of strain some pursue I may find,
 To please my sweet ladye.

With that the ladye she came in,
 And will'd them all for to agree;
 For honest hunting never was accounted sin,
 Nor never shall for me.

THE ANGLER.

JOHN CHALKHILL,†

OH! the gallant fisher's life,
 It is the best of any:
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And 'tis beloved by many:
 Other joys
 Are but toys;
 Only this
 Lawful is!
 For our skill
 Breeds no ill
 But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,
 Ere Aurora's peeping,
 Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
 Leave the sluggard sleeping;
 Then we go,
 To and fro,
 With our knacks
 At our backs,
 To such streams
 As the Thames,
 If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
 For our recreation ;
 In the fields is our abode,
 Full of delectation ;
 Where, in a brook,
 With a hook—
 Or a lake,—
 Fish we take ;
 There we sit,
 For a bit,
 Till we fish entangle.



We have gentles in a horn,
 We have paste and worms too ;
 We can watch both night and morn,
 Suffer rain and storms too ,
 None do here
 Use to swear ;
 Oaths do fray
 Fish away ;
 We sit still,
 Watch our quill :
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
 Make our bodies swelter,
 To an osier hedge we get,
 For a friendly shelter;
 Where—in a dyke,
 Perch or pike,
 Roach or daice,
 We do chase,
 Bleak or gudgeon,
 Without grudging;
 We are still contented.

Or, we sometimes pass an hour
 Under a green willow,
 That defends us from a shower,
 Making earth our pillow;
 Where we may
 Think and pray,
 Before death
 Stops our breath :
 Other joys
 Are but toys,
 And to be lamented.

WHEN A SHOOTING WE DO GO.

Anonymous. Date uncertain. Eighteenth century.

THE season's in for Partridges,
 Let's take our guns and dogs;
 It sha'n't be said that we're afraid,
 Of quagmires, or of bogs,
 When a shooting we do go, do go, do go;
 When a shooting we do go.

Now "Flora" she doth beat the scent,
 And after follows "Phillis;"
 Thro' hedge and brake the way let's take,
 For all our aim to kill is.

When a shooting, &c.

And should success attend us,
 What pleasure it will prove
 Let's charge, and prime, and lose no time,
 While through the fields we rove.

When a shooting, &c.

It is not for ourselves we shoot,
 'Tis to oblige our neighbours;
 And, when they eat, they may debate
 On the produce of our labours.

When a shooting, &c.

Of shooting, then, let us partake;
 What pastime is so pleasant?
 The Partridge gone, we'll charge each gun,
 And so proceed to Pheasant.

When a shooting, &c.



And when those seasons they are o'er,
 Perchance, if we've good luck;
 We'll take the chase, and never cease
 'Till we have shot a Buck.

When a shooting, &c.

How sumptuously we then shall feast
 On ven'son, steep'd in wine!
 On dainties rare, how we shall fare!
 Like Alexanders dine!

When a shooting, &c.

In friendship, and in harmony,
 Let's join in social bands ;
 And try who most his friend can toast,
 And so unite our hands !
 And a shooting, &c.

The chorus or burden of this and the following song appears to have been a great favourite with the popular writers of the last century. It has been reproduced in an almost countless number of songs, upon every variety of subject. The liberality of the sportsmen of former days, mentioned in the fourth stanza, might well be imitated by their mercenary successors.

A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

HENRY FIELDING, born 1707, died 1754.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn :
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn
 And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay ;
 " My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;
 You cannot hunt to-day."
 Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
 Their steeds they soundly switch ;
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 And some thrown in the ditch.
 Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
 And sweeps across the vale ;
 And when the hounds too near he spies,
 He drops his bushy tail.
 Then a hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
 And join the jovial cry ;
 The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
 And music fills the sky.
 When a hunting we do go.



At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight;
 Then hungry, homeward we return,
 To feast away the night.

And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
 Prepare then for the chase;
 Rise at the sounding of the horn
 And health with sport embrace.

When a hunting we do go.

There are several versions of this song, of various degrees of length and of merit. "This song," says Mr. Chappell, in his collection of national English airs, "was originally to the tune of 'A Begging we will go,' (1660.)" The words by Fielding are contained in his ballad opera of *Don Quixote in England*, but have been since somewhat altered.

OLD TOWLER.

Anonymous. Eighteenth century.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn,
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn :
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry,
 Arise the burden of my song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey, ho, chevy !
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy !
 Hark ! hark ! tantivy !
 This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale ;
 The upland wilds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly,
 The game is roused, too true the song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey, ho, &c.

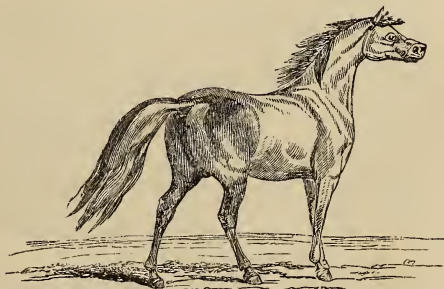
Poor stag ! the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face,
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chase ;
 Alike the gen'rous sportsman burns,
 To win the blooming fair,
 But yet he honours each by turns,
 They each become his care.
 With a hey, ho, &c.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

SEE, the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
 What confusion, but hear !—" I'll bet you, Sir !"—" Done, done !"
 A thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tired ear ;

While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head touching his breast,
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
 The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.



Next Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
 Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
 They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
 And by scent or by view, cheat a long tedious day ;
 While alike born for sports in the field or the course,
 Always sure to come thorough—a staunch and fleet horse ;
 And when fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
 The high mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
 Lamé, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood ;
 While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
 Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire won that race ;
 And what matches he'd won to the ostlers count o'er,
 As they loiter their time by some hedge-alehouse door ;
 Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
 The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and feeble, trudging early and late,
 Bow'd down by diseases, he bends to his fate ;
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still ;

And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the view
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew ;
 Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds.
 The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds.

TOM MOODY.

Anonymous.

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell,
 A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound
 Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.
 No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twere good ;
 And all with attention would eagerly mark,
 When he cheered up the pack, " Hark ! to Rockwood, hark ! hark !
 High !—wind him ! and cross him !
 Now, Rattler, boy !—Hark !

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
 Supported poor Tom to " an earth " made for rest :
 His horse, which he styled his " Old Soul," next appear'd,
 On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd ;
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
 Ah ! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace !
 Nor the welkin resound to his burst in the chase !
 With " High over !—Now press him !
 Tally ho !—Tally ho !"

Thus Tom spoke his friends, ere he gave up his breath :
 " Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
 One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,
 Give a rattling view-halloo thrice over my grave ;
 And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
 My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead !"
 Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
 For ev'ry voice join'd in the tally ho cry,
 Tally ho ! Hark forward !
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !"



THE BOY IN YELLOW.

From "Songs of the Chase," 1810.

WHEN first I strove to win the prize,
 I felt my youthful spirits rise ;
 Hope's crimson flush illumed my face,
 And all my soul was in the race.
 When weigh'd and mounted, 'twas my pride,
 Before the starting-post to ride ;
 My rival's drest in red and green,
 But I in simple yellow seen.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,
 And mark with smiles my slender form ;
 Their lovely looks new ardour raise,
 For beauty's smile is merit's praise !
 The flag is dropt—the sign to start—
 Away more fleet than winds we dart,
 And tho' the odds against me lay,
 The boy in yellow wins the day !

Tho' now no more we seek the race,
 I trust the jockey keeps his place ;
 For still to win the prize, I feel
 An equal wish, an equal zeal :
 And still can beauty's smile impart
 Delightful tremors through this heart :
 Indeed, I feel it flutter now—
 Yes, while I look, and while I bow !

My tender years must vouch my truth—
 For candour ever dwells with youth ;
 Then sure the sage might well believe,
 A face—like mine—could ne'er deceive,
 If here you e'er a match should make,
 My life upon my luck I'll stake ;
 And 'gainst all odds, I think you'll say,
 The boy in yellow wins the day.

THE CRICKETER.

Anonymous. Eighteenth century.

To live a life, free from gout, pain, or phthisic,
 Athletic employment is found the best physic ;
 The nerves are by exercise hardened and strengthened,
 And vigour attends it, by which life is lengthened.

Derry down, &c.

What conduces to health deserves recommendation,
 'Twill entail a strong race on the next generation ;
 And of all the field-games ever practised or known,
 That cricket stands foremost each Briton must own.

Derry down, &c.

Let dull pensive souls boast the pleasure of angling,
 And o'er ponds and brooks be eternally dangling ;
 Such drowsy worm-killers are fraught with delight,
 If but once in a week they obtain a fair bite.

Derry down, &c.

The cricketer noble in mind as in merit,
 A taste for oppression can never inherit,
 A stranger to swindling, he never would wish
 To seduce by false baits, and betray a poor fish.

Derry down, &c.

No stings of remorse hurt the cricketer's mind,
 To innocent animals never unkind,
 The guiltless his doctrine is ever to spare,
 Averse to the hunting or killing the hare.

Derry down, &c.

To every great duke, and to each noble lord,
 Let each fill his glass with most hearty accord ;
 And to all brother knights, whether absent or present,
 Drink health and success, from the peer to the peasant.

Derry down, &c.

FAR AWAY.

From "Songs of the Chase," 1810.

THE portals of the east divide ;
 The orient dawn is just descried,
 Mild and grey :
 The starry fires elude the sight ;
 The shadows fly before the light,
 Far away.

Now hark ! the woodland haunt is found !
 For now the merry bugles sound
 Their sylvan lay :
 As each sweet measure floats along,
 Sweet Echo wakes her mimic song,
 Far away.

The stag now rous'd, right onward speeds,
 O'er hill and dale, o'er moor and meads,
 He's fain to stray :
 His flight the shouting peasants view ;
 His steps the dashing hounds pursue,
 Far away.

All day untir'd, his route we trace,
 Exulting in the joyous chase,
 Of such a day !
 At length, at mild eve's twilight gleam,
 He's taken in the valley stream,
 Far away.

NOW NIGHT HER DUSKY MANTLE FOLDS.

From "Songs of the Chase," 1810.

Now night her dusky mantle folds,
 The larks are soaring high;
 And morn her golden shafts has shot,
 To gild the eastern sky;
 We sportsmen scour the distant plains,
 The hounds pursue their prey;
 While echoes round the valleys sound,
 Hark forward, hark away!
 O'er mountain top, and river deep,
 The fox for shelter flies,
 And cowering into coverts strong,
 His cunning vainly tries;
 His death proclaims the sportsman's joy,
 The dogs they seize their prey;
 While echoes round the valleys sound,
 Hark forward, hark away!

HUNTING, LOVE, AND WINE.

From "Songs of the Chase," 1810.

SAY, what is wealth without delight?
 'Tis dross, 'tis dirt, 'tis useless quite;
 Better be poor, and taste of joy,
 Than thus your wasted time employ.
 Then let a humble son of song,
 Repeat those pleasures most divine;
 The joys that life's best hours prolong,
 Are those of hunting, love, and wine.
 For hunting gives us jocund health,
 We envy not the miser's wealth,
 But chase the Fox or timid Hare,
 And know delight he cannot share.
 Then home at eve we cheerly go,
 Whilst round us brightest comforts shine;
 With joy shut in, we shut out woe,
 And sing of hunting, love, and wine.
 Mild love attunes the soul to peace,
 And bids the toiling sportsman cease;
 This softer passion's pleasing pow'r,
 With bliss ecstatic wings the hour.

It soothes the mind to sweetest rest,
 Or savage thoughts might there entwine ;
 Thus he alone is truly blest,
 Whose joys are hunting, love, and wine.

'Tis wine exhilarates the heart,
 When sinking under sorrow's smart ;
 'Tis that can ease the wretch's woe,
 And heighten ev'ry bliss we know.
 But wine's abuse makes man a beast,
 Be all with moderation mine ;
 Life will appear one endless feast,
 While blest with hunting, love, and wine.



RINGWOOD.

From "Songs of the Chase," 1810.

YE darksome woods where Echo dwells,
 Where every bud with freedom swells,
 To meet the glorious day :
 The morning breaks ; again rejoice
 And with old Ringwood's well known voice,
 Bid tuneful Echo play.

We come, ye groves, ye hills, we come,
 The vagrant Fox shall hear his doom,
 And dread our jovial train.
 The shrill horn sounds, the courser flies,
 While every sportsman joyful cries,
 There's Ringwood's voice again.

Ye meadows, hail the coming throng;
 Ye peaceful streams that wind along,
 Repeat the Hark-away:
 Far o'er the Downs, ye gales that sweep,
 The daring oak that crowns the steep,
 The roaring peal convey.

The chiming notes of cheerful hounds,
 Hark! how the hollow dale resounds;
 The sunny hills how gay.
 But where's the note, brave dog, like thine?
 Then urge the steed, the chorus join,
 'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

THE SKATERS' SONG.

From ARMIGER'S "Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet"

THIS bleak and frosty morning,
 All thoughts of danger scorning,
 Our spirits brightly flow;
 We're all in a glow,
 Through the sparkling snow,
 While a-skating we go,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

From right to left we're plying,
 Swifter than winds we're flying;
 Spheres on spheres surrounding,
 Health and strength abounding.
 In circles we sleep;
 Our poise still we keep,
 Behold how we sweep
 The face of the deep.

With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
 Who thus the time beguiling :
 Though the waters he seal,
 Still we row on our keel,
 Our weapons are steel,
 And no danger we feel,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

See, see our train advances,
 See how each skater lances ;
 Health and strength abounding,
 While horns and oboes sounding ;
 The Tritons shall blow
 Their conch-shells below,
 And their beards fear to show,
 While a-skating we go,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

HARK ! THE HOLLOW WOODS RESOUNDING.

From ARMIGER'S "Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet."

HARK ! the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry ;
 Hark ! how all the vales surrounding
 To his cheering voice reply.

Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,
 He pursues the gay delight,
 Distant woods and vales retiring
 Seem to vanish from his sight.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
 See the fox, the hounds, the men ;
 Cunning cannot save from ruin,
 Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him, homeward hie him,
 To a jovial night's repast ;
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
 Health continues to the last.

Hark! the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry;
 Hark! how all the vales surrounding
 To his cheering voice reply.

There are several versions of this song.

THE TUNEFUL SOUND OF ROBIN'S HORN.

Anonymous. Eighteenth Century.

THE tuneful sound of Robin's horn
 Hath welcom'd thrice the blushing morn;
 Then haste, Clorinda, haste away,
 And let us meet the rising day.

And through the greenwood let us go,
 With arrows keen and bended bow;
 There breathe the mountain's fresh'ning gale,
 Or scent the blossoms in the vale.

For nature now is in her prime,
 'Tis now the lusty summer time,
 When grass is green, and leaves are long,
 And feather'd warblers tune their song.

At noon, in some sequester'd glade,
 Beneath some oak tree's ample shade,
 We'll feast, nor envy all the fare
 Which courtly dames and barons share.

See, see in yonder glen appear
 In wanton herds the fallow-deer;
 Then haste, my love, O, haste away!
 And let us meet the rising day.

THE FOX-HUNTER'S HALL.

YE fox-hunters, stag, ay, and hare-hunters too,
 Whose aim is to rub off the furrows of care,
 Like Nimrods the fleet-footed brusher pursue,
 And taste of the sweets of the morn-breathing air!
 Come hither, come hither, at jollity's call,
 And join in the revels at Fox-Hunter's Hall!

To friendship, true friendship, the toast shall go round,
 To love, and the pleasure derived from the chase;
 For while love and friendship in union are found,
 What bliss can of hunting, fox-hunting, take place?
 Then hither, come hither, at jollity's call,
 And join in the revels at Fox-Hunter's Hall!

The breeze of the morn, like the lip-kiss of love,
 Invites us to hail it as something divine!
 While the sound of the horn, like a harp from above,
 Awakens a joy for which thousands repine.
 Then hither, come hither, at jollity's call,
 And join in the revels at Fox-Hunter's Hall!

What's life without love? and what's gold without health?
 A phantom, a fly-trap, or dream at the best;
 While health, love, and friendship, are treasures of wealth,
 And those that possess them with paradise blest;
 Then hither, come hither, at jollity's call,
 And join in the revels at Fox-Hunter's Hall!

THE HEALTH OF SPORTING.

Anonymous. Eighteenth century.

KEEP silence, good folks, and I pray you attend,
 For I'm no common singer you'll find in the end.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

I'm a hunting physician, and cure ev'ry ill,
 Disorders and pains, without bolus or pill.
Tally-ho, &c.

Let the man who's disturbed by misfortune and care,
 Away to the woodlands and vallies repair.
Tally-ho, &c.

Let him hear but the notes of the sweet swelling horn,
 With the hounds in full cry, and his troubles are gone.
Tally-ho, &c.

Let the lovers who secretly simper and sigh,
 And droop at the sight of a blue or black eye;—
Tally-ho, &c.

Brush up to 'em boldly and try 'em again,
 For women love sportsmen, as sportsmen love them.
Tally-ho, &c.

Should you chance to be blessed with a termagant wife,
 Who instead of the joy, is the plague of your life;
Tally-ho, &c.

When madam her small-shot begins to let go,
 Why draw on your boots, and away, tally-ho!
Tally-ho, &c.

Ye poor forlorn devils, oppressed with the hip,
 Who thus the sweet moments of pleasure let slip;
Tally ho, &c.

As soon as the whimsy your fancy surrounds,
 You have nothing to do but get after the hounds.
Tally-ho, &c.

Come here, ye old codgers, whose nerves are unstrung,
 Come follow the hounds, and you'll hunt yourselves young.
Tally-ho, &c.

'Twill cure the short cough, and the rheumatic pain,
 Do but cry tally-ho, and you're all young again.
Tally-ho, &c.

If death, that old poacher, to smuggle you strives,
 Get astride on your saddle, and hunt for your lives;—
Tally-ho, &c.

Never heed his grim looks if your gelding can go,
 You cannot be caught while you cry tally-ho.
Tally-ho, &c.

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day,
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With horse, and hawk, and hunting spear!
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling.
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming.
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."



Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 " Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay;
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk,
 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

HUNTSMAN, REST!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HUNTSMAN, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
 Dream not with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveille.

Huntsman, rest!

Sleep! the deer is in his den,
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying,
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest!

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at morning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveille.

Huntsman, rest!

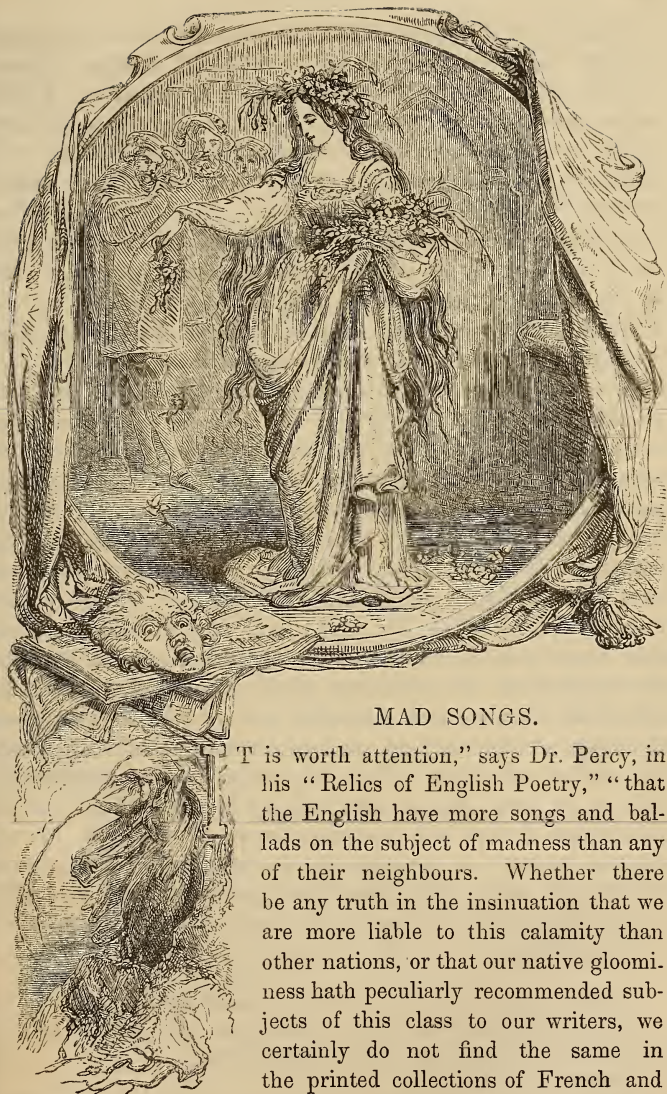
THE HUNTSMAN'S DIRGE.

THE smiling morn may light the sky,
 And joy may dance in beauty's eye,
 Aurora's beams to see;
 The mellow horn's inspiring sound,
 May call the blithe companions round,
 But who shall waken thee,

Ronald?

Thou ne'er wilt hear the mellow horn,
 Thou ne'er wilt quaff the breath of morn,
 Nor join thy friends with glee;
 No glorious sun shall gild thy day,
 And beauty's fascinating ray,
 No more shall shine on thee,

Ronald!



MAD SONGS.

It is worth attention," says Dr. Percy, in his "Relics of English Poetry," "that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours. Whether there be any truth in the insinuation that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this class to our writers, we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French and Italian songs." Percy presents his readers with six mad songs, as specimens of the English taste for this peculiar class of

compositions. Of those which follow in the present collection only two are included in his "Relics of English Poetry." It is certainly remarkable how much the genius of English writers loves to dally with, to philosophize upon, and to adorn the subject of madness. Of all Shakspeare's plays, Hamlet is undoubtedly the most popular, and it is difficult to decide whether the half craze of Hamlet himself, or the utter prostration of the mind of the luckless Ophelia, is the more painfully and irresistibly attractive, or which of the two excites the most sympathy. The snatches of song sung by the mad Ophelia invariably melt an English audience to tears; and the terrible madness of Lear, whenever it is represented on the stage—touches a chord in every heart. Sir Walter Scott, in his matchless fictions, has also made powerful use of madness, and of that state of mind—not actual lunacy, but not far removed from it—when reason trembles on the balance, and the spectator or the reader watches with excited and painful curiosity the moment when the tottering intellect shall be finally overthrown, and the madness—which was more than suspected—shall be completely revealed. Many of our song-writers have from an early period availed themselves of the popular interest in subjects of this kind; and musical composers have done their best to aid the efforts of song-writers in rendering them attractive. The literature of other countries, as Percy has remarked, offers no such examples, and we seek in vain among the songs of the northern or the southern nations of Europe for similar specimens. Even the genius of the Germans, so akin to our own, fails to cope with us in the delineation of the picturesque horrors and touching sorrows of the mad. If any allusion be made to the subject in the writings of the continental critics, it is but to give additional currency to the old joke about Englishmen, which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of the clown in Hamlet:—

Hamlet: Ay, marry! why was he sent into England?

Clown: Why—because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet: Why?

Clown: 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are all as mad as he.

Many modern French poets and critics think that our English madness regularly returns with the month of November, and that suicides in that month are as plentiful as strawberries in June, or blackberries in September. It is our "sky" that does it, if we are to believe the French theory, and Waterloo-bridge was built on purpose to accommodate ladies and gentlemen afflicted with the national malady, and to render suicide both facile and agreeable. "Oh, Bedlam!" exclaims Auguste Barbier, in his "Lazare:"—

"Oh Bedlam! monument de crainte et de douleur
D'autres pénétreront plus avant dans ta masse;
Quant à moi, je ne puis que détourner la face,
Et dire que ton temple aux antres étouffans
Est digne pour ses dieux d'avoir de tels enfans,
Et que le ciel brumeux de la sombre Angleterre
Peut servir largement de dôme au sanctuaire."

Leaving the French to their joke, and declining to speculate whether English madness be not perhaps the consequence of that great wit of which Pope speaks:—

"Great wit to madness surely is allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,"

in which case the English nation might bear the gibes of their continental friends with more equanimity for the sake of the compliment involved;—the following specimens of our ancient and modern lyrics of madness may be permitted to speak for themselves



THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

ROBERT HERRICK, born 1591.

Good-morrow to the day so fair,
Good-morrow, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled all with dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too ;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me—woe, woe is me,
Alack and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;
I'll seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think they 've made his grave
In the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there, I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who so rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed ;
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

THE MAD LOVER.

ALEXANDER BROME, born 1620, died 1666.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink—
 This many and many year ;
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
 And love made me run into debt ;
And though I have struggled, and struggled and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There 's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain ;
'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets ;
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
Then I 'll fall to loving and drinking again.

THE MAD SHEPHERDESS.

My lodging is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare ;
But that which troubles me most is
 The unkindness of my dear ;
Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
 And alack ! what remedy !

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a rush ring,
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing ;
O turn to me my dear love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the man who alone canst
 Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan !
 Then I must endure the smart still,
 And lie in my straw all alone ;
 Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man that alone art
 The cause of my misery.

This song, of which the air is claimed both by the Scotch and the Irish, and which has been rendered familiar to modern ears, by the beautiful version in Moore's *Irish Melodies*—"Believe me if all those endearing young charms"—was introduced into Davenant's *Comedy of "The Rivals,"* 1668; but is probably still older. The phrase to "marry with a rush ring," is introduced in the ancient ballad of "*The Winchester Wedding*:"—

"And Tommy was loving to Kitty,
 And wedded her with a rush ring."

Meaning a marriage without the rites of religion, and to be dissolved at the will of the parties as easily as a rush ring may be broken.

TOM A BEDLAM, OR MAD TOM.

WILLIAM BASSE ; from "*The English Dancing Master*," 1651.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the dark abyss of hell,
 Mad Tom is come, to view the world again,
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.
 Fears and cares oppress my soul !
 Hark ! how the angry furies howl ;
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
 To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Thro' the world I wander night and day,
 To find my straggling senses ;
 In angry mood I meet old Time,
 With his pentateuch of tenses.

When me he spies, away he flies,
 For time will stay for no man :
 In vain with cries I rend the skies,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie,
 Help ! help ! or else I die.

Hark! I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whistle,
Chaste Dian' bends her bow.
And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
And knock off my troublesome shackle;
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
Mars met Venus in the dark;
Limping Vulcan beat an iron bar,
And furiously made at the god of war.

Mars, with his weapon, laid about;
Limping Vulcan had got the gout;
His broad horns did so hang in his light,
That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrel;
Barrel-belly'd Bacchus, giant like,
Bestrode a strong beer barrel;
To me he drank whole butts,
Until he burst his guts;
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor Tom is very dry;
A little drink for charity.

Hark! I hear Actæon's hounds,
The huntsman's whoop and hallo;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chase do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot;
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bush at his back.

"The words of the latter half of this song are not now sung. Another song, set by George Bayden, also called 'Mad Tom,' has been 'stitched' upon it."—CHAPPELL.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER.

HENRY CAREY.

I go to the Elysian shade,
 Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;
 Where nothing shall my rest invade,
 But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
 From her disdain I fly;
 She is the cause of all my pain;
 For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
 When he but half his radiant course has run,
 When his meridian glories gaily shine,
 And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
 Which now so full appears;
 Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
 Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
 And curst my eyes, when they have wept their store;
 Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
 I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

Pity my pains,
 Ye gentle swains!
 Cover me with ice and snow;
 I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!
 Fairies tear me,
 Quickly bear me,
 To the dismal shades below!
 Where yelling, and howling,
 And grumbling, and growling,
 Strike the ear with horrid woe.

Hissing snakes,
 Fiery lakes,
 Would be a pleasure, and a cure;
 Not all the hells
 Where Pluto dwells,
 Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
 On a mossy carpet lay me,
 Fan me with ambrosial breeze;
 Let me die, and so have ease!

The "Distracted Lover" was written by Henry Carey, a celebrated composer of music, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and author of several little theatrical entertainments, which are enumerated in "The Companion to the Playhouse," &c. The sprightliness of this songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand.—PERCY.

OLD MAD TOM.

From "The Thrush," 1749.

I'm old mad Tom, behold me!
 My wits are quite unframed;
 I'm mad, I'm sure, and past all cure,
 And in hopes of being proclaimed.

I'll mount the frosty mountains,
 And there I'll skim the weather;
 I'll pluck the rainbow from the sky,
 And I'll splice both ends together.

I'll mount the stairs of marble,
 And there I'll fright the gipsies;
 And I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,
 And win them with eclipses.

I 'prentice was to Vulcan,
 And serv'd my master faithful,
 In making tools for jovial fools,
 But, ye gods, ye proved unfaithful.

The stars pluck'd from their orbs, too,
 I'll put them in my budget;
 And if I'm not a roaring boy,
 Then let the nation judge it.

CRAZY JANE.

M. G. LEWIS, born 1773, died 1818.

WHY, fair maid, in every feature
Are such signs of fear express'd ?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terror fill thy breast
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain ;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee ;
Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?
Mark me, and avoid my woe :
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so.
For I loved, ah ! so sincerely
None could ever love again ;
But the youth I loved so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart received him,
Which was doom'd to love but one.
He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believed him,
He was false—and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset ;
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain ;
While each passer by, in pity,
Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane !

OH, FOR MY TRUE LOVE.

From "The Myrtle and the Vine," 1800.

Down by the river there grows a green willow,
 Sing, oh ! for my true-love, my true-love, oh !
 I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
 And all for my true-love, my true-love, oh !
 When chill blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
 I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating,
 For true lovers' joys, well-a-day, are as fleeting ;
 Sing all for my true-love, my true-love, oh !

Maids, come in pity, when I am departed,
 Sing, oh ! for my true-love, my true-love, oh !
 When dead on the bank I am found broken hearted,
 And all for my true-love, my true-love, oh !
 Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
 Close to the stream where my tears once were flowing,
 And over my corpse keep the green willow glowing,
 'Tis all for my true-love, my true-love, oh !

THE DISTRACTED MAID.

From "The Myrtle and the Vine."

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing ;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands while sweetly thus sung she :
 " I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

" O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea !
 And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love from me !
 Yet I love his parents since they 're his, altho' they 've ruined me ;
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

" O should it please the pitying powers, to call me to the sky,
 I 'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly ;
 To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be !
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

" I 'll make a strawy-garland, I 'll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I 'll mix the eglantine ;
 And I 'll present it to my love when he returns from sea,
 For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

" Oh, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
 Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest !
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be ;
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

" Oh, if I were an eagle to soar into the sky !
 I 'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy ;
 But, ah ! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see :
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

THE MAD GIRL'S SONG.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

From " The Last Lays of the Three Dibbins," 1834.

O TAKE me to your arms, love,
 For keen the wind doth blow !
 O take me to your arms, my love,
 For bitter is my woe !
 She hears me not, she cares not,
 Nor will she list to me ;
 And here I lie in misery,
 Beneath the Willow Tree.

I once had gold and silver ;
 I thought them without end :
 I once had gold and silver ;
 I thought I had a friend.
 My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
 My love is stol'n from me ;
 And here I lie in misery,
 Beneath the Willow Tree.

THE MANIAC.

Partly by G. M. LEWIS, Author of "The Monk," and partly by HENRY RUSSELL,
Composer of the Music.

HUSH ! 'tis the night-watch : he guards my lonely cell ;
He comes, he comes this way !
Yes ; 'tis the night-watch ; I mark his glimmering lamp ;
I see its distant ray.
Oh, release me ! oh, release me !
No, by Heaven—no, by Heaven, I am not mad !

I loved her sincerely, I loved her too dearly,
I loved her in sorrow, in joy, and in pain ;
But my heart is forsaken, yet ever will awaken,
The mem'ry of bliss which will ne'er come again.
I see her dancing in the hall, I see her dancing in the hall !
No, by Heaven—no, by Heaven, I am not mad !
Oh, release me, &c.

He quits the grate, he turns the key ;
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see,
And all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold ; no life, no light ;
Life, all thy comforts once I had,
But here I 'm chained this freezing night ;
No, by Heaven—no, by Heaven, I am not mad !
Oh, release me, &c.

For lo, you ! while I speak,
Mark how yon demon's eye-balls glare !
He sees me now ; with dreadful shriek
He whirls me in the air !
Horror ! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad.
Aye, laugh, ye fiends—laugh, laugh, ye fiends !
Yes, by Heaven—they 've driven me mad !
I see her dancing in the hall—
Oh, release me—oh, release me !
Yes, by Heaven—yes, by Heaven, they 've driven me mad !

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE; from "As You Like it."

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun ;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

WINTER.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, from "Love's Labour Lost."

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in the pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo !
 Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo !
 Tu-whit ! Tu-whoo ! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, from "As You Like it."

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind,
 As man's ingratitude !
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho ! sing heigh, ho ! unto the green holly,
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh, ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky ;
 Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot !
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh, ho ! &c. &c.

YOUTH AND AGE.

CRABBED Age and Youth
 Cannot live together,
 Youth is full of pleasure—
 Age is full of care.
 Youth like summer morn—
 Age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer, brave—
 Age like winter bare ;
 Youth is full of sport—
 Age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame,
 Youth is hot and bold—
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame ;
 Age, I do abhor thee—
 Youth, I do adore thee,
 Oh, my love—my love is gone.
 Age, I do defy thee.
 Oh, sweet shepherd, hie thee ;
 Methinks thou stay'st too long.

"This song," says Bishop Percy, "is found in the little collection of Shakspeare's sonnets, entitled 'The Passionate Pilgrim.' In 'The Garland of the Good-will,' it is reprinted with the addition of four more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen."

IN PRAISE OF MELANCHOLY.

HENCE all you vain delights
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy ;
 Oh, sweetest melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

Milton was possibly under some obligations to this song, when he wrote his "Il Penseroso." Hazlitt calls it "the perfection of this kind of writing." (Lectures on Dram. Lit. 1840, p. 208.) It is generally attributed to Fletcher, who introduced it in the play of "The Nice Valour," act iii. sc. 3; but the author was more probably Dr. William Strode. See "Notes and Queries," vol. i.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, born 1562, died 1596.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
 Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;
 Creeping snails have weakest force,
 Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee :
 Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Lingering labour comes to nought.

Hoist up sail, while gale doth last,
 Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
 Seek not time when time is past,
 Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :
 After-wits are dearly bought,
 Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
 Take thou hold upon his forehead ;
 When he flies he turns no more,
 And behind, his scalp is naked :
 Works adjourn'd have many stays,
 Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
 Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing ;
 After-cures are seldom seen,
 Often sought, scarce ever chancing :
 Time and place give best advice,
 Out of season, out of price.

PANGLORY'S WOOING SONG.

GILES FLETCHER, born 1588, died 1623.

LOVE is the blossom where there blows,
 Every thing that lives or grows ;
 Love doth make the heavens to move,
 And the sun doth burn in love :
 Love, the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak,
 Under whose shadows, lions wild,
 Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild.
 Love, no med'cine can appease ;
 He burns the fishes in the seas ;
 Not all the skill his wounds can stanch.
 Not all the sea his thirst can quench.
 Love did make the bloody spear
 Once a leafy coat to wear,
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds, for love that sing and play ;
 And of all love's joyful flame
 I the bud and blossom am.
 Only lend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be !

See, see, the flowers that below
 Now freshly as the morning blow,
 And of all, the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shows ;
 How they all unleaved die
 Losing their virginity :
 Like unto a summer shade,
 But now born, and now they fade,
 Every thing doth pass away ;
 There is danger in delay.

Come, come, gather then the rose ;
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus' shore,
 In my bosom casts its ore :
 All the valleys' swimming corn,
 To my house is yearly borne :
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruised to make me wine ;
 While ten thousand kings, as proud
 To carry up my train, have bow'd,
 And a world of ladies send me
 From my chamber to attend me :
 All the stars in heaven that shine,
 And ten thousand more, are mine.
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be !

THE COMMENDATION OF MUSIC.

WILLIAM STRODE, born 1600, died 1644.

WHEN whispering strains do softly steal
 With creeping passion through the heart,
 And at every touch we feel
 Our pulses beat, and bear a part ;
 When threads can make
 A heart-string quake ;—
 Philosophy
 Can scarce deny,
 The soul consists of harmony.

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,
 My senses rock'd with wonder sweet !
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
 Soft like a spirit's are thy feet.
 Grief, who need fear
 That hath an ear ?
 Down let him lie,
 And slumbering die,
 And change his soul for harmony.

SWEET DAY, SO COOL.

GEORGE HERBERT, born 1593, died 1632.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dewes shall weep thy fall to-night,—
For thou must die !

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,—
And thou must die !

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My music shows you have your closes,—
And all must die !

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives !

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

RICHARD LOVELACE, born 1618, died 1658.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my gates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts are free,—
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like, confined, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king :
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,—
 Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,—
 Angels alone,—that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

This song to Althea will live as long as the English language.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HOPE.

From ALISON'S "Hour's Recreations in Music," 1606.

In hope a king doth go to war ;
 In hope a lover lives full long ;
 In hope a merchant sails full far ;
 In hope just men do suffer wrong ;
 In hope the ploughman sows his seed :
 Thus hope helps thousands at their need.
 Then faint not, heart, among the rest ;
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

SIMON WASTELL, from "The Microbiblia," 1623.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning of the day,

Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
 E'en such is man ;—whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes,—and man he dies !

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that 's new begun,
 Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
 Or like the pearled dew of May,
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan.
 E'en such is man ;—who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death.—
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended,
 The hour is short, the span is long,
 The swan's near death,—man's life is done !

HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

JOHN MILTON.

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity ;
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

The music of this song was composed by Handel for the Oratorio of "Comus," and adapted to this purpose from the beautiful poem of "L'Allegro."



MAY MORNING.

JOHN MILTON.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing :
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long !

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

EDMUND WALLER, born 1603, died 1687.

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired.
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,—
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
 And teach the maid
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies,—
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

The last stanza was added by Henry Kirke White, and is the crowning grace of a beautiful poem, which would scarcely have been complete without it.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

Anonymous. From the Tixall Poetry, temp. Charles I.

WE dance on hills above the wind,
 And leave our footsteps there behind,
 Which shall to after ages last,
 When all our dancing days are past.

Sometimes we dance upon the shore,
To whistling winds and seas that roar,
Then we make the wind to blow,
And set the seas a-dancing too.

The thunder's noise is our delight,
And lightnings make us day by night ;
And in the air we dance on high,
To the loud music of the sky.

About the moon we make a ring,
And falling stars we wanton fling,
Like squibs and rockets, for a toy,
While what frights others is our joy

But when we 'd hunt away our cares,
We boldly mount the galloping spheres
And riding so from east to west,
We chase each nimble zodiac beast.

Thus, giddy grown, we make our beds,
With thick black clouds to rest our heads,
And flood the earth with our dark showers,
That did but sprinkle these our bowers.

Thus, having done with orbs and sky,
Those mighty spaces vast and high,
Then down we come and take the shapes,
Sometimes of cats, sometimes of apes.

Next turn'd to mites in cheese, forsooth,
We get into some hollow tooth ;
Wherein, as in a Christmas hall,
We frisk and dance, the devil and all.

Then we change our wily features,
Into yet far smaller creatures,
And dance in joints of gouty toes,
To painful tunes of groans and woes.

IN SUMMER TIME.

TOM D'URFEY, born 1628, died 1723.

IN summer time, when flow'rs do spring,
 And birds sit on each tree,
 Let lords and knights say what they will,
 There 's none so merry as we.
 There 's Tom with Nell,
 Who bears the bell,
 And Willy with pretty Betty ;
 O how they skip it,
 Caper and trip it,
 Under the greenwood tree !

Our music is a little pipe,
 That can so sweetly play ;
 We hire old *Hal* from Whitsuntide
 Till latter Lammas-day ;
 On Sabbath days,
 And holy-days,
 After evening prayer comes he ;
 And then we skip it,
 Caper, and trip it,
 Under the greenwood tree.

"Come, play us *Adam and Eve*," says Dick,
 "What 's that ?" says little Pipe ;
 "*The Beginning of the World*,"¹ quoth Dick,
 "For we are dancing-ripe ;"
 "Is 't that you call ?
 Then have at all !" —
 He played with merry glee ;
 O then did we skip it,
 Caper, and trip it,
 Under the greenwood tree.

O'er hills and dales, to Whitsun-ales,
 We dance a merry fyte ;
 When Susan sweet with John doth meet,
 She gives him hit for hit—

¹ A favourite dance-tune in the seventeenth century.

From head to foot
She holds him to 't,
And jumps as high as he ;
O how they spring it,
Flounce and fling it,
Under the greenwood tree !

My lord's son must not be forgot,
So full of merry jest ;
He laughs to see the girls so hot,
And jumps it with the rest.
No time is spent
With more content,
In camp, or court, or city,
So long as we skip it,
Frisk it and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.

We oft go to Sir William's ground,
And a rich old cub is he ;
And there we dance, around, around,
But never a penny we see.
From thence we get
To Somerset,
Where men are frolic and free,
And there do we skip it,
Frisk it and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.

We fear no plots of Jews or Scots,
For we are jolly swains ;
With plough and cow, and barley-mow,
We bury all our brains.
No city cares,
Nor merchant's fears
Of wreck or piracy ;
Therefore we skip it,
Frisk it and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree.

On meads and lawns we trip like fauns,
 Like fillies, kids, and lambs ;
 We have no twinge to make us cringe,
 Or crinkle in the hams ;
 When the day is spent,
 With one consent,
 Again we all agree,
 To caper and skip it,
 Trample and trip it,
 Under the greenwood tree.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

From "The English Dancing-Master ; or, Plain and Easy Rules for
 Country Dances," 1651.

As I went through the North country,
 I heard a merry meeting ;
 A pleasant toy, and full of joy,
 Two noblemen were greeting.

And as they walkèd forth to shoot,
 Upon a summer's day,
 They met another nobleman,
 With whom they had a fray.

His name was Sir John Barleycorn,
 He dwelt down in a dale ;
 Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
 They called him Thomas Good-ale.

Another namèd Richard Beer,
 Was ready at that time ;
 Another worthy knight was there,
 Call'd Sir William White-wine.

Some of them fought in a black-jack,
 Some of them in a can ;
 But the chiefest in a black pot,
 Like a worthy nobleman.

Sir Barleycorn fought in a bowl,
 Who won the victory ;
 Which made them all to fume and swear
 That Barleycorn should die.

Some said "kill him," some said "drown,"
Others wished to hang him high,
For as many as follow Barley-corn,
Shall surely beggars die.

Then with a plough they ploughed him up,
And this they did devise,
To bury him quick within the earth,
And swore he should not rise.

With harrows strong they combed him,
And thrust clods on his head,
A joyful banquet then was made,
When Barley-corn was dead.

He rested still within the earth,
Till rain from skies did fall,
Then he grew up in branches green,
Which sore amazed them all.

And so grew up till Midsummer ;
He made them all afraid,
For he was sprouted up on high,
And got a goodly beard.

Then he grew till St. James's-tide,
His countenance was wan ;
For he was grown unto his strength,
And thus became a man.

With hooks and eke with sickles keen,
Unto the fields they hied,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
And made him wounds full wide.

Thus bloodily they cut him down,
From place where he did stand,
And like a thief for treachery,
They bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again,
According to his kind,
And packed him up in several stacks,
To wither with the wind

And with a pitchfork that was sharp,
They rent him to the heart,
And like a thief for treason vile,
They bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong,
Unto the town they hie,
And straight they mow'd him in a mow,
And there they let him lie.

Then he lay groaning by the walls,
Till all his wounds were sore ;
At length they took him up again,
And cast him on the floor.

They hired two men with holly clubs,
To beat at him at once ;
They thwacked so hard on Barley-corn
That flesh fell from his bones.

And then they took him up again,
To fulfil women's mind,
They dusted and they sifted him,
'Till he was almost blind.

And then they knit him in a sack,
Which grieved him full sore ;
They steep'd him in a vat, God wot,
For three days' space and more.

And then they took him up again,
And laid him for to dry,
They cast him on a chamber-floor,
And swore that he should die.

They rubbèd him and stirrèd him,
And oft did toil and turn,
The malt-man likewise vowed his death,
His body he would burn.

They pulled and hauled him up in spite,
And threw him on a kiln,
And dried him o'er a fire bright,
The more to work their will.

Then to the mill they forced him straight,
Where, as they bruised his bones,
The miller swore to murder him
Betwixt a pair of stones.

The last time when they took him up,
They served him worse than that,
For with hot scalding liquor store,
They washed him in a vat.

But not content with this, God wot,
They wrought him so much harm,
With cruel threat they promised next
To beat him in a barn.

And lying in this danger deep,
For fear that he should quarrel,
They took him straight out of the vat,
And turned him in a barrel.

And then they set a tap to him;—
Even thus his death begun,
They drew out every drop of blood,
Whilst any drop would run.

Some brought jacks upon their backs,
Some brought bill and bow,
And every man his weapon had,
Barley-corn to overthrow.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this
He came with mickle might,
And then he took their tongues away,
Their legs, or else their sight.

Sir John, at last, in each respect
So paid them all their hire,
That some lay sleeping by the walls,
Some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groaning by the walls,
Some fell in the street downright,
The best of them did scarcely know,
What he had done o'er-night.

All you good wives that brew good ale,
 God keep you from all teen,
 But if you put too much water in,
 The devil put out your eyne !

This ballad, of which a modern version, slightly altered from the above by Robert Burns, has become more popular than its prototype, was originally sung to the tune of "Stingo," or "Oyle of Barley." The same tune was afterwards called "Cold and Raw."

"This tune," says Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, "was greatly admired by Queen Mary, the consort of King William; and she once affronted Purcell by requesting to have it sung to her, he being present. The story is as follows:—The Queen having a mind, one afternoon, to be entertained with music, sent to Mr. Gosling, then one of her Chapel, and afterwards Sub-Dean of St. Paul's, to Henry Purcell, and to Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her. They obeyed her commands. Mr. Gosling and Mrs. Hunt sang several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord. At length, the Queen, beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs. Hunt if she could not sing the ballad of 'Cold and Raw;' Mrs. Hunt answered, yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord, unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music, but seeing her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion; and, accordingly, in the next birth-day song; viz.—that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words 'May her bright example chace vice in troops out of the land,' the bass whereof is the tune to 'Cold and Raw.'"

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

From "Percy's Reliques."

Come, follow, follow me,
 You, fairy elves that be :
 Which circle on the green,
 Come, follow Mab your queen.
 Hand in hand let's dance around,
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their nest ;
 Unheard, and unespied,
 Through key-holes we do glide ;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 We trip it with our fairy elves.


And, if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, and bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep :
 There we pinch their arms and thighs ;
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the household maid,
 And duly she is paid :
 For we use before we go
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
 Our table-cloth we spread ;
 A grain of rye, or wheat,
 Is manchet, which we eat :
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snails,
 Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat that 's easily chew'd ;
 Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
 Do make a dish that 's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile :
 And if the moon doth her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass 
 So nimbly do we pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends when we do walk :
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning fairies. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers how early, how extensively, and how uniformly, they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those who fetch them from the East so late as the time of the Crusades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed in the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits whom they called Duergars or Dwarfs, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. *Hervarer Saga Olaj Verelj*. 1675. *Hickes Thesaur*, &c. This song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book entitled "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence," &c. Lond. 1658. 8vo.—DR. PERCY.

AWAY WITH GRIEF.

rom HUGH CROMPTON'S "Pierides, or the Muses Mount," 1658.

AWAY, thou gnawing worm, fond grief!

Away from me, away :

Thy absence is my sweet relief ;

Then flee, without delay.

He that gives way to woe and sorrow,

May grieve to-day, and mourn to-morrow.

Go now into another zone,

Where mortal brains are light,

And press them down ;—I've need of none,

Since I have felt thy weight :

He that shall change his frown to laughter,

May laugh to-day, and sing hereafter :

I tried you both, and know you well,

But do not like you so :

A light heart has no parallel ;

But oh ! the pangs of woe !

Yet woe the heart can never shoot,

If thought be not the porter to 't.

Suppose you, then, that all is good,

And in that thought repose ;

This will allay that fiery blood,

Which in thy body flows :

And mark me now,—for this is chief,—

Nothing on earth requireth grief.

If accident should chance to fall,

It falls from heaven above ;

Then let no poverty or thrall,

Your soaring spirits move :

Nothing but sin can grief require ;

Then grieve for sin,—else grief, expire.

THE JOVIAL BEGGARS.

From PLAYFORD'S "Choice Aires," 1660.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
 He had a wooden leg,
 Lame from his cradle,
 And forced for to beg.
 And a begging we will go, will go, will go,
 And a begging we will go.

A bag for his oatmeal,
 Another for his salt,
 And a pair of crutches
 To show that he can halt.
 And a begging, &c.

A bag for his wheat,
 Another for his rye,
 And a little bottle by his side,
 To drink when he 's a dry.
 And a begging, &c.

Seven years I begged
 For my old master *Wild*,
 He taught me to beg
 When I was but a child.
 And a begging, &c.

I begged for my master,
 And got him store of pelf,
 But, Jove now be praised,
 I 'm begging for myself.
 And a begging, &c.

In a hollow tree
 I live and pay no rent—
 Providence provides for me,
 And I am well content.
 And a begging, &c.

Of all the occupations,
 A beggar's is the best,
 For, whenever he 's a-weary,
 He can lay him down to rest.
 And a begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
 I live in open cell,
 Then who would be a king
 When beggars live so well ?
 And a begging we will go, &c.

This song is the prototype of many others in the English language, including the popular favourite, "A Hunting we will go," which appears among the sporting songs in this volume, and "A Sailing we will go," which appears among the sea songs.

THE PRAISE OF MILK.

From PLAYFORD'S "Musical Companion," Part II., 1687.

In praise of a dairy I purpose to sing,
 But all things in order—first, God save the King.
 And the Queen, I may say,
 Who every May-day,
 Has many fine dairy-maids, all fine and gay :
 Assist me, fair damsels, to finish my theme,
 Inspiring my fancy with strawberry cream.

The first of fair dairy-maids, if you'll believe,
 Was Adam's own wife, our great grandmother Eve,
 Who oft milked a cow,
 As well she knew how,
 Tho' butter was then not so cheap as 'tis now :
 She hoarded no butter nor cheese on a shelf,
 For butter and cheese in those days made itself.

In that age or time there was no horrid money,
 Yet the children of Israel had both milk and honey.
 No queen could you see,
 Of the highest degree,
 But would milk the brown cow with the meanest she :
 Their lambs gave them clothing, their cows gave them meat,
 And in plenty and peace all their joys were complete.

Amongst the rare virtues that milk does produce,
 For a thousand of dainties it's daily in use ;
 Now a pudding, I'll tell ye,
 Ere it goes in the belly,
 Must have from good milk both the cream and the jelly :
 For a dainty fine pudding, without cream or milk,
 Is a citizen's wife, without satin or silk.

In the virtues of milk there is more to be muster'd
 Than charming delights both of cheese-cake and custard,
 For at Tottenham Court
 You *can* have no sport,
 Unless you have custard and cheese-cake too for 't.
 And what's the jack-pudding that makes us to laugh,
 Unless he hath got a great custard to quaff.

Both pancake and fritter, of milk have good store,
 But a Devonshire white-pot must needs have much more.
 No state you can think
 Though you study and wink,
 From the lusty sack-posset to pour posset drink,
 But milk's the ingredient, tho' sack's ne'er the worse,
 For 't is sack makes the man, tho' 't is milk makes the nurse.

THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

DR. WALTER POPE, born about 1630, died 1714

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate :—in a country town,
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
 May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better, as strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look ;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better, as strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
 Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before ;
 With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or veal,
 And clean, though coarse linen, at every meal.
 May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better, as strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
 And remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar ;
 With Monte Fiascone or Burgundy wine,¹
 To drink the King's health as oft as I dine.
 May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better, as strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day ;
 And when I am dead may the better sort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
 " He 's gone, and has left not behind him his fellow :
 For he govern'd his passions with absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better, as strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

It seems odd to modern notions, that so sensible a gentleman—who governed his passions with absolute sway—should have ever "got mellow" at all. Drunkenness, however, was considered a venial vice in those days, by the few who did not consider it a positive virtue "in the evening."

GENTLY STIR.

A Parody, attributed to DEAN SWIFT, on a popular song, by A. Bradley (circ. 1740)
 beginning "Gently strike the warbling lyre."

GENTLY stir, and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast ;
 Dress it quickly, I desire ;
 In the dripping put a toast,
 That I hunger may remove ;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
 Oh ! the charming white and red !
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed :
 Let the jack go quickly round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

¹ Some versions substitute for this line, the following :—

"With a hidden reserve of good Burgundy wine."

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean :
 Pickles get and salad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green :
 With small beer, good ale, and wine,
 Oh ! ye gods, how I shall dine !

Several attempts have been made to raise eating into the dignity which drinking has so long enjoyed—of being a theme for song—but all in vain. “The Roast Beef of Old England” is the only exception, amid a mass of failures.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair FIDELE's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
 Or 'midst the chase upon the plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;
 Beloved, till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

SWEET MAY.

ERASMUS DARWIN, born 1721, died 1802.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
 Sweet May ! thy radiant form unfold :
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny shower,
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces, drest in flowery wreaths,
 And tiptoe Joys their hands combine ;
 And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
 And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs,
 On quivering fin and rustling wing,
 Delighted join their votive songs,
 And hail thee, Goddess of the Spring.



THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

DR. PERCY, Editor of "Percy's Reliques."

It was a friar of orders gray
 Walk'd forth to tell his beads ;
 And he met with a lady fair
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

" Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine
 My true-love thou didst see."

" And how should I know your true-love,
 From many another one ?"
 " O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
 And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyes of lovely blue."

" O lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

They bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

" And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And didst thou die for love of me ?
Break, cruel heart of stone !"

" O weep not, lady, weep not so :
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

" O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas ! for thy sad loss,
I'll ever weep and sigh :
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

" Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain :
For violets pluck'd the sweetest show'r
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not so, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not so :
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave :
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comeliest youth was he !
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas, and woe is me !"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
My love he had the truest heart :
O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou die for me ?
Then farewell home ; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I 'll lay,
And thrice I 'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay."

“ Yet stay, fair lady: rest awhile
 Beneath this cloister wall :
 See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
 And drizzly rain doth fall.”

“ O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
 O stay me not, I pray ;
 No drizzly rain that falls on me,
 Can wash my fault away.”

“ Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears ;
 For see beneath this gown of gray
 Thy own true-love appears.

Here forced by grief, and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought ;
 And here amid these lonely walls
 To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet past away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.”

“ Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart ;
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.”

Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor of “Percy's Reliques” was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together and form them into a little Tale, which is here submitted to the reader's candour.—One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.—P ERCEY.

MERRILY GOES THE MILL.

GEORGE COLMAN.

MERRILY rolls the mill-stream on,
 Merrily goes the mill,—
 And merry to-night shall be my song,
 As ever the gay lark's trill.
 While the stream shall flow,
 And the mill shall go,

And my garners are bravely stored :
 Come all who will,
 There 's a welcome still
 At the joyful miller's board.

Well may the miller's heart be light—
 Well may his song be gay ;
 For the rich man's smile, and the poor man's pray'r
 Have been his for many a day.
 And they bless the name
 Of the miller's dame
 In cots where the lowly mourn ;
 For want and woe
 At her coming go,
 And joy and peace return.

Fair is the miller's daughter, too,
 With her locks of golden hair—
 With her laughing eye and sunny brow,
 Still better is she than fair.
 She hath lightened toil
 With her winning smile,
 And if ever his heart was sad,
 Let her sing the song
 He hath loved so long,
 And the miller's heart was glad.
 Merrily rolls the mill-stream on, &c.

THE MILLER.

CHARLES HIGHMORE.—Written for Dodsley's entertainment—"The King and Miller of Mansfield."

How happy a state does the miller possess !
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he 's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A clown in his dress may be honester far
 Than a courtier, who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean—
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks :
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state ;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to the mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing :
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

The "Miller" seems to have been a favourite character with our song writers from the earliest times, and to have been generally depicted as a model of sturdy independence. There is a song upon the subject in the poems of John Cunningham. See Bell's edition of the "British Poets," vol. ciii. The sentiment in the two concluding lines of the "Miller" borrowed from the more ancient song of the "Jovial Beggars."

THE PRETTY PARROT.

[From AIKIN'S "Vocal Poetry."

PRETTY Parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence pass'd the day,
What at home was doing ?
 " With chat and play
 All were gay,
 Night and day,
 Good cheer and mirth renewing ;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty Poll."

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a saucy lover would
Court and tease my lady ?
 " A thing, you know,
 Made for show,
 Call'd a beau,
 Near her was always ready ;
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty Poll."

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,
 And how she could with patience bear
 All he did and utter'd ?
 " He still address'd,
 Still caress'd,
 Kiss'd and press'd,
 Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flatter'd ;
 Well received in all, like pretty pretty Poll."
 Did he go away at the close of day,
 Or did he ever use to stay
 In a corner dodging ?
 " The want of light,
 When 't was night,
 Spoil'd my sight ;
 But I believe his lodging
 Was within her call, like pretty pretty Poll."

This lively and singular piece was probably popular at the time of writing the "Beggars' Opera," which has a song to the same measure. It certainly merits preservation.—AIKIN.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

FROM BICKERSTAFF'S "Love in a Village." 1762.

THERE was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
 He danced and sang from morn till night, no lark so blithe as he,
 And this the burden of his song for ever used to be,
 " I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child, and wife,
 I would not change my station for any other in life :
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
 I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."

When spring begins his merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay,
 No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's cold decay ;
 No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and say,
 " Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing,
 The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing ;
 This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial ring,
 Let heart and voice, and all agree, to say, " Long live the King."

The last two stanzas of this popular song appear to be by different hands, and to have been successively added at different times. The original idea is evidently concluded with the second stanza.



WHERE THAMES ALONG THE DAISY'D MEADS.

DAVID MALLET, born 1700, died 1765.

WHERE Thames along the daisy'd meads,
 His wave in lucid mazes leads,
 Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
 Wealth on either side bestowing,
 There in a safe though small retreat,
 Content and love have fixed their seat ;
 Love, that counts his duty pleasure,
 Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.

From art, from Jealousy secure,
 As faith unblamed, as friendship pure,
 Vain opinion nobly scorning,
 Virtue aiding, life adorning,
 Fair Thames along thy flowery side,
 May thou whom Truth and Reason guide
 All their tender hours improving,
 Live like us, beloved and loving.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PATTEN.

CHARLES DIBDIN. For the Opera of the "Milkmaid."

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing:
 "Old Chevy-chace," "God save the King ;"
 "Fair Rosamond," and "Sawney Scott,"
 "Li-li-bu-le-ro," and what not.

All these would sing my blue-ey'd Patty,
 As with her pail she trudged along:
 While still the burden of her song,
 My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

But nipping frosts, and chilling rain,
 Too soon, alas ! choked every strain ;
 Too soon, alas ! the miry way
 Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
 And hoarse was heard my blue-ey'd Patty ;
 While I for very mad did cry,
 Ah ! could I but again, said I,
 Hear the sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty !

Love taught me how ; I work'd, I sang ;
 My anvil glow'd, my hammer rang,
 Till I had form'd from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
 Again was heard each tuneful close,
 My fair one in the patten rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

THE UNCOMMON OLD MAN.

From the "Convivial Songster," 1782.

THERE was an old man, and though 'tis not common,
 Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman ;
 And though 'tis incredible, yet I 've been told
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for some meat,
 And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat ;
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or never could see without light,
 And yet I 've been told he could hear in the night;
 He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
 And has fallen fast asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always moved when he talk'd,
 And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd;
 And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd burst,
 For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the saddest that ever was seen,
 For if 'twere not wash'd it was seldom quite clean;
 He show'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
 And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
 And then, as folks said, he was not very well;
 But, what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
 As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

What pity he died! yet 'tis said that his death
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath;
 But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,
 Had he lived a day longer he'd been a day older.

DULCE DOMUM.

Sing a sweet, melodious measure,
 Waft enchanting lays around;
 Home's a theme replete with pleasure!—
 Home! a grateful theme, resound!

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
 Home! with ev'ry blessing crown'd!
 Home! perpetual source of pleasure!
 Home! a noble strain, resound!

Lo! the joyful hour advances;
 Happy season of delight!
 Festal songs, and festal dances,
 All our tedious toil requite.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
 Leave thy task, so hard to bear;
 Leave thy labour, ease returning,
 Leave my bosom, all thy care!

See the year, the meadow, smiling !
 Let us then a smile display :
 Rural sports, our pain beguiling,
 Rural pastimes call away.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
 And no longer loves to roam ;
 The example thus impelling,
 Let us seek our native home !

Let both men and steeds assemble,
 Panting for the wide champaign ;
 Let the ground beneath us tremble,
 While we scour along the plain.

Oh, what raptures ! oh, what blisses !
 When we gain the lovely gate !
 Mothers' arms, and mothers' kisses,
 There our blest arrival wait.

Greet our household gods with singing,
 Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray ;
 Why should light, so slowly springing,
 All our promised joys delay ?

Founded upon the celebrated song of the Winchester School boys' "Dulce Domum."
 It first appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for March, 1796, under the signature
 of J. R.

GLUGGITY GLUG.

From the "Myrtle and the Vine."

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper ;
 He mounted his horse, in the night at the door
 And sat with his face to the crupper :
 Some rogue, quoth the friar, quite dead to remorse,
 Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 While I was engaged at the bottle,
 Which went gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug.

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
 'Twas the friar's road home, straight, and level ;
 But, when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
 So he scamper'd due north, like a devil :
 This new mode of docking, the friar then said,
 I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill ;
 And 'tis cheap—for he never can eat off his head,
 While I am engaged at the bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug.



The steed made a stop—in a pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing ;
 Quoth the friar, 'tis strange headless horses should trot,
 But to drink with their tails is amazing !
 Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of a pottle ;
 Quoth he, the head 's found, for I 'm under his nose—
 I wish I were over a bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug.

VARIETY.

From the " Myrtle and the Vine."

Ask you who is singing here,
 Who so blithe can thus appear ?
 I'm the child of joy and glee,
 And my name's Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
 Swift I change from place to place,
 Ever wand'ring, ever free,
 And my name's Variety.

Like a bird that skims the air,
 Here and there, and every where,
 Sip my pleasures like a bee,
 Nothing's like Variety.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,
 Roving love but breaks the rest,
 One good heart's enough for me,
 Tho' my name's Variety.

Crowded scenes and lovely grove,
 All by turns I can approve;
 Follow, follow, follow me,
 Friend of life, Variety.



THE TURNING OF THE WHEEL.

From the "Convivial Songster."

THE wheel of life is turning quickly round,
 And nothing in this world, of certainty is found,
 The midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out,
 Good lack ! good lack ! how things are wheeled about !

Some few aloft on fortune's wheel do go,
 And as they mount up high, the others tumble low,
 For this we all agree that fate at first did will,
 That this great wheel should never once stand still.

The courtier turns to gain his private end,
 Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his friend;
 Prosperity oft times deceives the proud and vain,
 And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.

Some turn to this, and that, and every way,
 And cheat, and scrape, for what can't purchase one poor day ;
 But this is far below the generous hearted man
 Who lives, and makes the most of life he can.

And thus we're wheeled about in life's short farce,
 Till we at last are wheel'd off, in a rumbling hearse ;
 The midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out,
 Good lack ! good lack ! how things are wheel'd about !

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

THE HON. R. W. SPENCER.

ONE day when to Jove the black list was presented,
 The list of what Fate for each mortal intends,
 At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,
 And slipp'd in three blessings—Wife, Children, and Friends.
 In vain surly Pluto declar'd he was cheated,
 And Justice divine could not compass its ends,
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
 For Earth becomes Heaven, with—Wife, Children, and Friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded with sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ;
 But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of—Wife, Children, and Friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel, which o'er her dead favourite bends ;
 O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
 Bedew'd with the tears of—Wife, Children, and Friends.

IN THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

WHEN I was bound apprentice,
 In famous Lincolnshire,
 Full well I served my master,
 For more than seven year ;
 Till I took up to poaching,
 As you shall quickly hear.
 Oh ! it's my delight on a shiny night,
 In the season of the year.

As me and my comàrade
 Were setting of a snare,
 'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper,
 For him we did not care ;

For we can wrestle and fight, my boys,
 And jump o'er anywhere,—
 For it's my delight on a shiny night,
 In the season of the year.

As me and my comàrade,
 Were setting four or five,
 And taking of him up again,
 We caught the hare alive ;
 We took the hare alive, my boys,
 And thro' the woods did steer,—
 Oh ! it's my delight on a shiny night,
 In the season of the year.

We threw him o'er our shoulders,
 And then we trudged home,
 We took him to a neighbour's house,
 And sold him for a crown ;
 We sold him for a crown, my boys,
 But I did not tell you where,—
 Oh ! it's my delight on a shiny night,
 In the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman
 That lives in Lincolnshire,
 Success to every poacher,
 That wants to sell a hare.
 Bad luck to every gamekeeper
 That will not sell his deer,—
 For it's my delight on a shiny night,
 In the season of the year.

The date and origin of this song are unknown. Though it has not the slightest pretensions to literary merit, its subject, and the melody have long made it popular among the English peasantry. "It has been sung," says Mr. Chappell, "by several hundred voices together, at the harvest homes of George the Fourth."

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

J. O'KEEFFE. From the Opera of "Merry Sherwood."

I AM a Friar of orders grey,
 And down in the valleys I take my way,
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
 Good store of venison fills my scrip ;

My long bead-roll I merrily chant,
 Where'er I walk no money I want ;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.

What baron or squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar ?

After supper of heaven I dream,
 But that is a pullet and clouted cream ;
 Myself, by denial, I mortify—
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie ;
 I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin ;
 With old sack wine I'm lined within :
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong.

What baron or squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar ?

ALL'S WELL.

THOMAS DIBDIN, Sung in the "British Fleet," an Opera by S. J. ARNOLD

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground
 The sentry walks his lonely round ;
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way,
 "Who goes there ? Stranger, quickly tell."
 "A friend"—"The word." "Good night ;" "All's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck ;
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
 "What cheer ? Brother, quickly tell ;
 Above—below." "Good night ;" "All's well."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

J. HOWARD PAYNE, in the opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 Home ! home, sweet home !
 There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain !
 Oh ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again !
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call :—
 Give me these and the peace of mind, dearer than all !
 Home ! home, &c.

HARK, THE CONVENT BELLS ARE RINGING.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

HARK, the convent bells are ringing,
 And the nuns are sweetly singing ;
 Holy Virgin, hear our prayer !
 See the novice comes to sever,
 Every worldly tie for ever ;—
 Take, oh, take her to your care !
 Still radiant gems are shining,
 Her jet black locks entwining,
 And her robes around her flowing,
 With many tints are glowing
 But all earthly rays are dim.—
 Splendours brighter
 Now invite her,
 While thus we chant our vesper hymn.

Now the lovely maid is kneeling,
 With uplifted eyes appealing ;—
 Holy Virgin, hear our prayer !
 See the abbess bending o'er her,
 Breathes the sacred vow before her ;—
 Take, oh, take her to your care !

Her form no more possesses,
 Those dark luxuriant tresses.
 The solemn words are spoken,
 Each earthly tie is broken,
 And all earthly joys are dim.—
 Splendours brighter,
 Now invite her,
 While thus we chant our vesper hymn.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awhile ;
 Morn, alas ! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant isle.
 Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell ;
 Darker shadows round us hover,—
 Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light ;
 Who will fill our vacant places ?
 Who will sing our songs to-night ?
 Through the mist that floats above us
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly, Fare thee well !

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon.
 When on that dear land I ponder,
 Where my old companions dwell,
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
 Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well !

THE SONG OF A SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD, died 1846.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the “ Song of a Shirt ! ”

“ Work ! work ! work !
 While the cock is crowing aloof !
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof !
 It’s oh ! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work !

“ Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream !

“ Oh ! Men, with Sisters dear !
 Oh ! Men ! with Mothers and Wives !
 It is not linen you ’re wearing out,
 But human creatures’ lives !
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“ But why do I talk of Death ?
 That Phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“ Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter’d roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“ Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb’d,
As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet.
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

“ Oh, but for one short hour !
 A respite however brief !
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
 But only time for Grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A Woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
 She sang this “ Song of the Shirt ! ”

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there,
 Close by my cot she tells her tale,
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours,
 With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent green-wood shade ;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

MELANCHOLY.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Go! you may call it madness, folly ;
 You shall not chase my gloom away.
There 's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not, if I could, be gay.
Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
 That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
 Monarchs are too poor to buy.

THE TAMBOURINE SONG.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I LOVE my little native isle,
 Mine emerald in a golden deep ;
My garden where the roses smile,
 My vineyard where the tendrils creep.
How sweetly glide the summer hours,
 When twilight shows her silver sheen ;
And youths and maids from all the bowers
 Come forth to play the Tambourine !
At morn the fisher spreads his sail
 Upon our calm encircling sea ;
The farmer labours in the vale,
 Or tends his vine and orange tree.
But soon as lingering sunset throws
 O'er woods and fields a deeper green,
And all the west in crimson glows,
 They gather to the Tambourine.
We love our merry native song,
 Our moss-grown seats in lonely nooks,
Our moonlight walks the beach along,
 For interchange of words and looks.
When toil is done, and day is spent,
 Sweet is the dance with song between ;
The jest for harmless pleasure meant,
 And tinkle of the Tambourine.

My native isle, my land of peace—
 My father's home, my mother's grave—
 May evermore thy joys increase,
 And plenty o'er thy corn-fields wave !
 May storms ne'er vex thine ocean surf,
 Nor war pollute thy valleys green ;
 Nor fail the dance upon thy turf,
 Nor music of the Tambourine.

THAT SONG, AGAIN !

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

THAT Song, again ! its wailing strain
 Brings back the thoughts of other hours,—
 The forms I ne'er may see again,—
 And brightens all life's faded flowers !
 In mournful murmurs, o'er mine ear
 Remembered echoes seem to roll,
 And sounds I never more can hear,
 Make music in my lonely soul !
 That swell again !—now full and high,
 The tide of feeling flows along,
 And many a thought that claims a sigh,
 Seems mingling with the magic song !
 The forms I loved—and loved in vain,
 The hopes I nursed—to see them die,
 With fleetness, brightness, through my brain,
 In phantom beauty, wander by !
 Then touch the lyre, my own dear love !
 My soul is like a troubled sea,
 And turns from all below—above,
 In fondness, to the harp and thee !

BE STILL, BE STILL, POOR HUMAN HEART.

ELEANORA L. MONTAGU (MRS. T. K. HERVEY).

Be still,—be still, poor human Heart,
 What fitful fever shakes thee now ?
 The Earth's most lovely things depart—
 And what art thou ?

Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade,
 Thy blossoms first with poison fill;
 To sorrow born—for suffering made—
 Poor Heart! be still.

Thou lookest to the clouds,—they fleet;
 Thou turnest to the waves,—they falter;
 The flower that decks the shrine, though sweet,
 Dies on its altar:
 And thou, more changeful than the cloud,
 More restless than the wandering rill,
 Like that lone flower in silence bowed.
 Poor Heart! be still.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG OF THE OLD YEAR'S DYING.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

To sleep, to sleep!—'tis the old year's dying,
 Let me sleep till he be dead;
 Comfort and Hope and Time are flying—
 Gladness and Youth are fled.
 Year after year has been ushered in,
 So many are lost there are few to win—
 But enough for sorrow and toil and sin:—
 Let me sleep while the old year dies!

I like not the passing away from earth
 Of the thing we have watched so long;
 I cannot welcome the new year's birth
 With the old year's dying song!
 Wake me at morn when the dust is flung
 On the ancient head that so late was young:
 If rest may be where the soul is wrung,
 Let me sleep while the old year dies!

Rivers of tears have flowed to him—
 Strong tides of the soul's despair;
 Many a passionate prayer and hymn
 Been poured on his midnight air.
 Why have we wished that his days were o'er,
 When the life that goes with him returns no more?
 I shall miss his weary step on the floor:—
 Let me sleep while the old year dies!

Wild pulses are playing in many a heart
 With the hopes of the dawn to come;
 For they know not yet of the nights that part
 What the morrow shall never bring home.
 Their new year friend as the old they greet;
 But mine are the memories sad,—though sweet,—
 That pass the new guest in life's crowded street:—
 Let me sleep while the old year dies!

My heart is bowed, and my eyes are dim,
 And take not the light they gave:
 Then, call me not up to make merry with him
 Who treads on an old man's grave!
 In the morning light of the life-long year
 The outer mists themselves look clear;
 But *I* to the SHADOW am all too near,—
 Let me sleep while the old year dies!

In the cave of the earth, down fathoms below
 The greenness whereon we stand,
 'Tis said that a central fire doth glow—
 A sealess and burning land:
 If deep in the heart such fires abide,
 And the vallies stretch and the currents glide,
 That see no greenness and feel no tide,
 Then—sleep while the old year dies!

Perchance, while gleams of the future's light
 On his forehead the new year wears,
 Ye may not care how the long dread night
 Falls down on the old grey hairs:
 But the veil of the grave-clouds gathers near,
 And the long death-silence lies close to mine ear.
 Oh! I have no joy in the coming year,—
 Let me sleep while the old year dies!

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

CHARLES MACKAY. From "Legends of the Isles," 1845

I.

HARK! how the furnace pants and roars,
 Hark! how the molten metal pours,
 As, bursting from its iron doors,
 It glitters in the sun.

Now through the ready mould it flows,
 Seething and hissing as it goes,
 And filling every crevice up
 As the red vintage fills the cup :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

II.

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay
 That binds him to his couch of clay,
 And let him struggle into day :
 Let chain and pulley run,
 With yielding crank and steady rope,
 Until he rise from rim to cope,
 In rounded beauty, ribb'd in strength,
 Without a flaw in all his length :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

III.

The clapper on his giant side
 Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,
 For birth, or death, or new-year tide,
 Or festival begun.
 A nation's joy alone shall be
 The signal for his revelry ;
 And for a nation's woes alone
 His melancholy tongue shall moan :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

IV.

Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,
 His long loud summons shall we hear,
 When Statesmen to their country dear
 Their mortal race have run :
 When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
 And patriots sleep the sleep of death,
 Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
 And peal a requiem o'er their tomb :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

V.

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
 And dare invade us where we stand,
 Fast by the altars of our land
 We'll gather every one,

And he shall ring the loud alarm,
 To call the multitudes to arm,
 From distant field and forest brown,
 And teeming alleys of the town :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

VI.

And as the solemn boom they hear,
 Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
 Laid by to rust for many a year,
 And to the struggle run ;
 Young men shall leave their toils or books,
 Or turn to swords their pruning hooks ;
 And maids have sweetest smiles for those
 Who battle with their country's foes :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

VII.

And when the cannon's iron throat
 Shall bear the news to dells remote,
 And trumpet blast resound the note,
 That victory is won ;
 When down the wind the banner drops,
 And bonfires blaze on mountain tops,
 His sides shall glow with fierce delight,
 And ring glad peals from morn to night :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

VIII.

But of such scenes forbear to tell—
 May never war awake this bell
 To sound the tocsin or the knell.
 Hush'd be the alarum gun !
 Sheath'd be the sword ! and may his voice
 But call the nations to rejoice
 That War his tatter'd flag has furled,
 And vanished from a wiser world :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

IX.

Still may he ring when struggles cease,
 Still may he ring for joy's increase,
 For progress in the arts of peace,
 And friendly trophies won.

When rival nations join their hands,
 When plenty crowns the happy lands,
 When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
 And freedom reigns o'er all the earth :
 Hurra! the work is done!

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

H. F. CHORLEY.

A SONG to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
 Who hath ruled in the green wood long,
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.
 There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out,
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
 When the storms through his branches shout.
 Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone,
 And still flourish he a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old when the spring with cold,
 Had brightened his branches grey,
 Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,
 To gather the dew of May.
 And on that day to the rebeck gay
 They frolick'd with lovesome swains ;
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
 But the tree it still remains.

Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes
 Were merry sounds to hear,
 When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small
 Were filled with good English cheer.
 Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he,
 But he never shall send our ancient friend,
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's, &c.

TUBAL CAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when Earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand,
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,
As he fashion'd the sword and spear.
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork !
Hurrah for the spear and sword !
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord ! "

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire ;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurrah for the smith ! hurrah for the fire !
And hurrah for the metal true ! "

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, " Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man ! "

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
 And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smoulder'd low ;
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high :
 And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork !"
 And the red sparks lit the air—
 " Not alone for the blade, was the bright steel made ;"
 And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And plough'd the willing lands ;
 And sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Our stanch good friend is he ;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while Oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We 'll not forget the sword."

SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

BARRY CORNWALL.

HIDE me, O twilight Air !
 Hide me from thought, from care,
 From all things, foul or fair,
 Until to-morrow !
 To-night I strive no more ;
 No more my soul shall soar :
 Come, Sleep, and shut the door
 'Gainst Pain and Sorrow !

If I must see through dreams,
 Be mine Elysian gleams,
 Be mine by morning streams
 To watch and wander !

So may my spirit cast
 (Serpent-like) off the past,
 And my free soul at last
 Have leave to ponder !

And, should'st thou 'scape control,
 Ponder on love, sweet Soul,
 On joy, the end and goal
 Of all endeavour !

But, if earth's pains will rise,
 (As damps will seek the skies,)
 Then, Night, seal thou mine eyes,
 In sleep, for ever !

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

ELIZA COOK.

I LOVE it, I love it ! and who shall dare-
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
 I've bedew'd it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs.
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start ;
 Would you know the spell ?—a mother sat there !
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
 The hallow'd seat with listening ear ;
 And gentle words that mother would give
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
 She told me that shame would never betide
 With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide ;
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watch'd her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey ;
 And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
 And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
 Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
 My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled !
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, tis past ! but I gaze on it now,
With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow :
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek ;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.



THE IVY GREEN.

CHARLES DICKENS.

OH ! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;
 And the mould'ring dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings
 And a stanch old heart has he !
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
 To his friend the huge oak tree !
 And slily he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
 And nations scatter'd been ;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days,
 Shall fatten upon the past :
 For the stateliest building man can raise,
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

THE WILD CHERRY-TREE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

OH,—there never was yet so pretty a thing,
 By racing river or bubbling spring,
 Nothing that ever so merrily grew,
 Up from the ground when the skies were blue,
 Nothing so fresh—nothing so free
 As *thou*—my wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Jove ! how it danced in the gusty breeze !
 Jove ! how it frolicked among the trees !
 Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
 Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown !
 Oak or ash—what matter to *thee* !
 'Twas the same to my wild, wild Cherry-tree !

Never at rest, like a thing that's young,
 Abroad to the winds its arms it flung,
 Shaking its rich and crownéd head.
 Whilst I stole up for its berries red—
 Beautiful berries ! beautiful tree !
 Hurrah, for the wild, wild Cherry-tree !

Back I fly to the days gone by,
 And I see thy branches against the sky,
 I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
 I see (and I ravish) thy berries red,
 And I shout—like the tempest loud and free,
 Hurrah, for the wild, wild Cherry-tree !

THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

“ THE bud is on the bough,
 And the blossom on the tree ; ”
 But the bud and the blossom
 Bring no joyousness to me.
 Wall'd up within the city's gloom,
 No pleasure can I know,
 But like a cagéd linnet sing
 To chase away my woe !

The bud will grow a blossom,
 The blossom will grow pale,
 And as they die the fruit will spring,
 But fall when o'er the vale
 Stern winter marches with his train
 In every wind that blows,
 And I, unripe, with ripest fruit,
 May in the dust repose.

But Spring upon the seed will breathe,
 The seed become a tree,
 And on the tree so beautiful
 Shall bud and blossom be ;
 And shall I know a second Spring ?
 Yes ! brighter far than they ;
 When age puts on the blush of youth,
 And youth shall not decay !

FAIR FLOWER ! FAIR FLOWER !

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

FAIR flower ! fair flower !
 Though thou seem'st so proudly growing,
 Though thou seem'st so sweetly blowing,
 With all heaven's smiles upon thee,
 The blight has fallen on thee,
 Every hope of life o'erthrowing,
 Fair flower ! fair flower !

Dear flower ! dear flower !
 Vainly we our sighs breathe o'er thee,
 No fond breath can e'er restore thee ;
 Vainly our tears are falling,
 Thou 'rt past the dew's recalling ;
 We shall live but to deplore thee,
 Dear flower ! dear flower !

Poor flower ! poor flower !
 No aid now to health can win thee ;
 The fatal canker is within thee,
 Turning thy young heart's gladness
 To mourning and to madness !
 Soon will the cold tomb enshrine thee,
 Poor flower ! poor flower !

Wan flower ! wan flower !
 Oh ! how sad to see thee lying,
 Meekly—calmly—thus, though dying ;
 Sweeter, in thy decaying,
 Than all behind thee staying !
 But vain, alas ! is now our sighing,
 Lost flower ! lost flower !

THE NIGHTS.

[BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, the Summer Night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne ;
Whilst the sweet Winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown !

But the Autumn Night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free ;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the Thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter Night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain ;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain !

Oh, the Night brings sleep
To the green woods deep ;
To the bird of the woods its nest
To care soft hours ;
To life new powers ;
To the sick and the weary,—Rest !

THE BUGLE SONG.

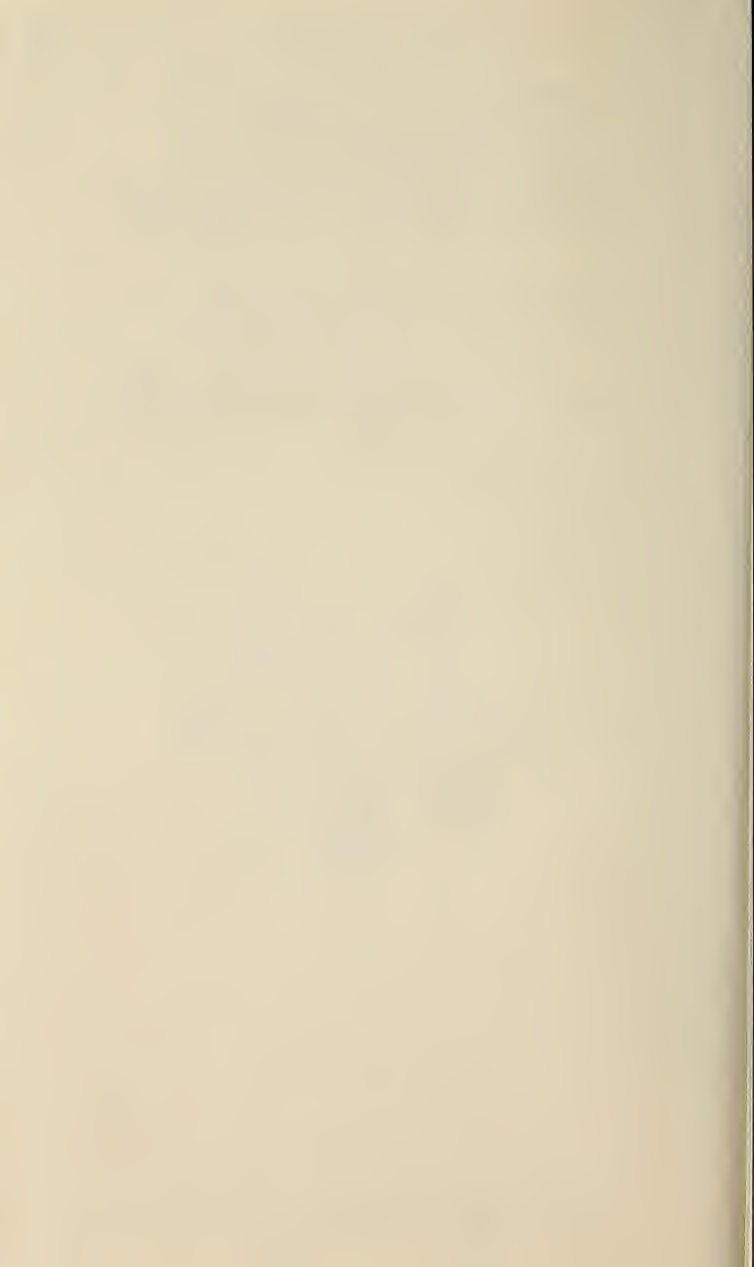
ALFRED TENNYSON. From the "Princess."

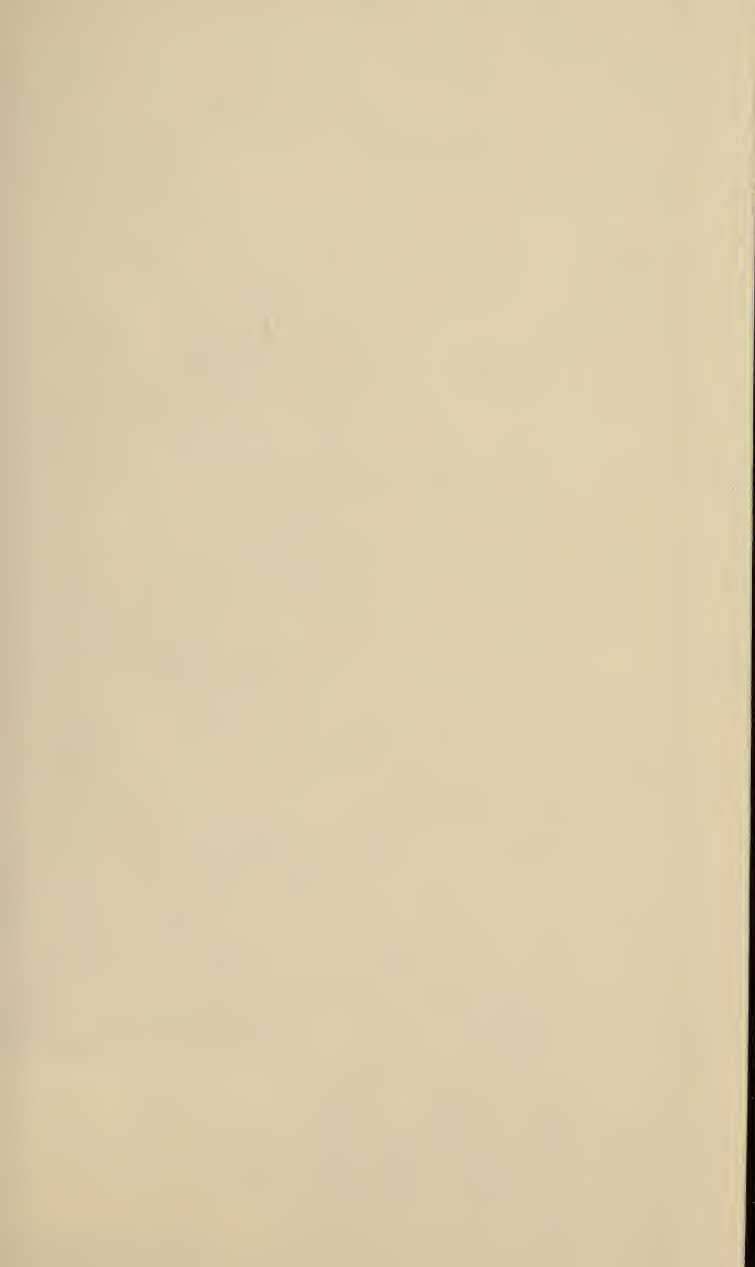
The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, Bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow Bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow Bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh love, they die in yon rich sky!
They faint on hill, on field, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, Bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes answer, dying, dying, dying.







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